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Fifth Series, }
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{ From Beginning,
{ Vol. CLXXXIII.

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FROM AFAR.

Go thou thy way. I do not seek to share
 The path which God hath girt with flowers
 for thee,
 It lies before thee wrapped in sunshine fair,
 To know thee happy is enough for me.
 If thou art safe, and sheltered in the ark
 Of blessed home from earthly stress and
 strife,
 It is enough for me, far off, to mark
 God's smile, and love's, complete thy noble
 life.
 It is enough for me to see thee share
 Life's banquet with thy dearest, crowned
 with flowers;
 No sigh of mine shall vex the scented air,
 No tear of mine shall mar thy happy hours.
 I ask not for the children's bread, nor crumb
 Cast to the dog whose love, like mine, is
 dumb!

I ask for nothing, dear, but this — but this —
 Free leave to love thee all my lone life
 through;
 But if God set a limit to thy bliss,
 And change joy's roses to grief's bitter rue,
 Then give me leave to whisper in thine ear
 Of love that lingers in a faithful heart,
 That holds thee, lorn and lonely, dearest —
 dear,
 Of love, whose idol and whose crown thou
 art!
 Nay, nay, I dream! Shall I forecast for thee
 Tears and a stricken heart? Now God for-
 bid!
 I love thee, dear, it is enough for me.
 What lies within the solemn future hid,
 Who knows? I know whate'er the years
 bring round
 To thee and me, love will be faithful found.
 All The Year Round.

"IN AUTUMN OF THE YEAR."

WHEN golden grain hath crowned the ear,
 And sweet September rivals May,
 In the ripe radiance of the year,
 Upon this lustrous Autumn day,
 To the lone moor-bound woods I fare
 Ere yet the russet boughs be bare.

Within this fair and dazzling glade,
 Screened from the sunbeam's stroke I rest,
 And mark the gold to silver fade
 When evening's glory floods the west,
 Stretched in sweet ease upon the heath,
 The woven forest boughs beneath.

The silver twilight sets around,
 The sun sinks glimmering through the trees,
 The dews kiss chill the heath-clad ground,
 And, borne upon the wak'ning breeze,
 The northern ocean's moaning drear
 Breaks in dread echo on mine ear.

Mysterious harmony it makes,
 This restless murmur of the sea,
 And dark foreboding dreams it wakes
 Of storm-blown leaf, and wind in tree,
 Whisp'ring of Winter's fateful breath,
 Chill winnowed through the doors of death.
 Chambers' Journal. C. W. BOYD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF GUSTAVE
BECQUER.

I.

WE were together, — her eyes were wet,
 But her pride was strong, and no tears
 would fall;
 And I would not tell her I loved her yet,
 And yearned to forgive her all!

So, now that our lives are forever apart,
 She thinks: "Oh! had I but wept that
 day!"
 And I ask in vain of my lonely heart:
 "Ah! why did I turn away?"

II.

When you've drunk one draught of this rosy
 wine,
 To set it aside were fitter;
 Though the taste is sweet and the scent divine,
 The dregs, alas! are bitter.

So when passion and youth shall have passed
 away,
 Would we feel no sting, no sorrow, —
 Oh, my dear, let us madly love to-day,
 But say good-bye to-morrow!

FLORENCE HENNIKER

Blackwood's Magazine.

SONNET OF MICHAEL ANGELO ON DANTE.

HE sank from earth to the abysses blind,
 And saw both hells, and lived, and made
 ascent
 To God, led by his thought magnificent,
 Whose light of truth he poured on us man-
 kind.
 That lordly star of price in our night shined
 Revealing the eternal; ere it went
 This muddy world such wages on it spent
 As to our choicest souls is still assigned.

Ill greeted by his people's thanklessness
 Were Dante's labors, Dante's high desire;
 Only the just man these forbear to bless.
 Were but such birthright mine! might I
 aspire
 To his sharp exile, to his righteousness,
 No man's estate on earth were lifted higher.
 Academy. O. ELTON.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

CAPTAIN ANTONIO RINCON.

A STUDY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

I.

THE first authentic mention that we have of Captain Rincon is in the French negotiations with the Levant for the year 1524. At that time Rincon was not actually in treaty with the East. He was engaged on a more modest embassy to Poland and Hungary—one of the many feelers which France perpetually sent out to discover new allies for herself against the empire. Rincon returned to France about the same time that King Francis himself came home from his dungeon at Madrid, indignant, despoiled, and naturally more than ever determined to find friends among the enemies of Charles the Fifth. As a first step, Rincon was at once sent back to Hungary and Poland, whence he returned with a most important letter in the spring of 1528. This letter,—forgotten for three hundred and twenty years, from the time that Francis read it until the printing of the negotiations in 1848—this letter offered no less than the crown of Hungary as an inheritance for Henry of Orleans, the second son of Francis, if in the mean time the French king would aid King John of Hungary with men and money. And since to aid King John was to thwart the emperor, nothing could have suited better with King Francis's humor. He began naturally to regard Captain Rincon as a singularly useful servant; and early in August, 1528, we find Rincon in London with John du Bellay, bent on persuading Henry the Eighth to join the king of France, not only in the embassy to Hungary, but in a vast far-reaching anti-imperial league. The object of this alliance was to depose the emperor by a collusion between the pope and the German princes; to place in his room upon the imperial throne some Liberal landgraf of Hesse or duke of Saxony; to bring the pope to Avignon, leaving Ravenna and Cervia as pledges of his faith in the hands of France and England; to place the Turk's vassal upon the throne of Hungary. Finally, to unite the Catholics of France and Venice, the Protestants of Britain and

Denmark and Germany, with the Moham-medans of Turkey in a brotherly alliance.

We may ask indeed who was this Captain Rincon to whom three kings entrusted the most momentous secret of their age? Of his origin we know nothing. He may have been a kinsman of that other eminent Antonio Rincon, court painter to Ferdinand and Isabel, who died at Seville in 1500. He may have come, one of the many Spaniards who hated Charles the Fifth, an exile to the court of France. We cannot tell. We meet him first in 1524—a Spanish captain, speaking little French, writing a singular guttural mis-spelt Italian. But from that time we get to know him well; the mild, just, grave and capable ambassador; and his unwieldy and corpulent figure, painfully riding by secret ways across the entire extent of Europe, gradually appears to us as a heroic image. "The Spanish traitor Ringonus," as Augustinus Augustini calls him, is a mysterious and important personage—a man whose life dealt only with great issues, and whose tragic end convulsed the politics of Europe.

There is a natural reason why we should know little of the youth of Rincon, for the whole of the Eastern question, which brought him into prominence, appears to have arisen suddenly about the year 1527. Before that time there was no cause for his political existence. But then the king of France, released from Spain, desired to counterbalance the empire by the Porte; then the king of England, desiring divorce, desired to limit the power of the pope to merely spiritual matters. The claim of John Zapolya to Hungary, his Turkish alliance, and his excommunication by Pope Clement, suddenly gave a focus to these intentions; and Rincon arose to answer the need of a negotiator with the East.

For to the Turk both France and England turned. The Turk was the emperor's neighbor—the only other prince so great as he, and the two were enemies. So long as Soliman harassed the empire on the East, the West would be free from its terrible, half-savage armies. The Turk was the hope of the Lutherans; for, fearing lest the Protestant princes should ally themselves with Soliman, Charles did not

dare to persecute their heresy. So long as the Turk was on the frontiers of Hungary, the Protestants of Germany were able to resist the Inquisition.

Then, first in France, the beautiful idea arose of a great federation, to which humanity should be dearer than opinion, and whose one supreme tenet of religion (formulated in the Treaty of Spiers, 1572) should run as follows: "He, whosoever he be, who commits a massacre, we count *de facto* Atheist." In 1528 the plan was new, half-matured, and secret. It was whispered in royal cabinets, muttered by safe diplomatists behind locked doors. The actual alliance with Turkey was as yet too strange to broach; so on the way to it Du Bellay suggested an alliance with King John of Hungary. The Imperialists also had an alliance with Hungary; but their alliance was with King Ferdinand, the emperor's brother. For at that moment, in that divided and ever-battling country, two kings were ranged against each other in enmity.

In 1526 King Louis of Hungary had been killed at Mohacz and had left no heir. At his death such of the nobles as inclined to an anti-imperial policy had elected for their king John Zapolya, the Vaivode of Transylvania. These were the Nationalists — the Hungarians of Hungary — those who in their hatred of Austria would conciliate, if need be, the Turk himself. But the other, the Imperial faction elected, Catholic though he was, the archduke Ferdinand of Austria, brother of Charles the Fifth, who, to give his election some show of hereditary right, had married in 1527 the sister of the dead king Louis. But the Nationalists would not own an Austrian, both kings insisted on their claim, and war reigned in the wretched country. The pope, with no just cause, excommunicated and deposed John Zapolya; but the Hungarians, Lutherans for the most part, did not hold their ties absolved. And in revenge the grand Turk offered to John Zapolya his protection and his armies, if John would hold the crown of Hungary in tribute to the Porte.

John preferred the Porte to the empire, and this won him the sympathies of Fran-

cis. He had been excommunicated and still maintained his right to rule, this assured him the fellow-feeling of Henry the Eighth, so nearly in his case. In 1528 France and England, as secretly as might be, joined together to send an embassy to John of Hungary. So secret was the matter held, that in the manuscript correspondence of Jean du Bellay, in the Paris library, it is never noticed save by innuendo or fantastic allegory. For indeed in the state of affairs the mission to Hungary was equivalent to sending an embassy to the Turk — the later and still more secret half of the adventure. But to whom could so desperate a confidence be entrusted? For some time there was talk of sending Guillaume du Bellay; but the risk, the long journey, the fatigue and hardship, daunted that brilliant diplomatist. Jean du Bellay, anxious to excuse his brother, sought eagerly to discover a substitute. At length he bethought him of the Spanish captain; he would send Antonio Rincon.

Rincon, as we know, reached London first in August, 1528, for he wrote to Montmorency on the eleventh of the month. He wrote also to Du Bellay, that the English showed themselves a little cold. Thenceforward, until nearly June of the next year, Rincon seems to have gone between France and England concluding his negotiation. In April, 1529, we find him writing a despairing letter to Wolsey, beseeching him if possible to hasten matters, "for the safety of my voyage, as you know, depends upon its speed." Wolsey, whose slowness Du Bellay frequently derides, had a difficult task. He himself was heart and soul with the French; and the Liberal League was chiefly due to him, to the three Du Bellays, and to the queen of Navarre. But it was difficult to spur Henry on to fill the part assigned him; Wolsey could, with all his influence, do little here. In May Francis sent John du Bellay again to London to hasten matters. "As to Rincon," wrote the bishop, "I did not expect when I left France to find him here." However, Du Bellay at last resolved the diffident mind of Henry. On May 22nd, 1529, Captain Rincon left London with the

Bishop of Transylvania. "They are," writes Bellay, "wonderfully determined to do well. There could not be a better opportunity of giving the house of Burgundy a beating which they will feel forever. True, it is a bad time for spending money, but the occasion is great. For it is not a question of making another king of the Romans, but of not leaving a foot of land in Hungary to these gentle rulers of the world."

So much as this Rincon could not execute. No secret treaty, no money or offers of service, could actually drive the house of Austria from its thrones. But at Buda in September Rincon ratified the secret treaty that bound France to the service of Hungary in exchange for the adoption of the little Henry of Orleans. France was now the ally and protector of King John, but she was not alone in her office. Six months before, on the plains of Mohacz, the grand Turk had solemnly received King John of Hungary as his vassal.

Already then France acknowledged, and England secretly recognized in Turkey the legitimate suzerain of their ally — recognized that an infidel was no longer Antichrist, but a human being and a possible man of honor. Ten years before, even in France and England, the name of Soliman had been accounted terrible, occult, supernatural. In 1528 the Turk was the natural balance to the Inquisition and the empire.

II.

ON September 8th, 1529, Soliman entered Buda, the capital of Hungary; and for more than a hundred and fifty years Ottoman Buda held its menace in the emperor's face. At the Diet of Spire, held also in 1529, Charles the Fifth had asked for aid against the Turks and Lutherans, so completely in that age did men believe in the solidarity of heresy. In fact, the position of Soliman at Buda was a guarantee of safety to the Protestants of Germany. Compelled to an involuntary tolerance, the emperor, in July, 1532, granted their religious charter to the German princes.

For the Turk was at Buda, and his

presence there fatally checked the pretensions of the empire. The pope (menaced also as he conceived) preached a holy war against the Crescent. But the crusade was difficult to raise. Naturally the whole party of the Reform was against it; and when the pope wrote to Francis asking for money, the king of France replied that he would lead in person fifty thousand foot and three thousand men-at-arms to his aid. But the pope and the emperor dreaded nothing so much as the army of Francis in conjunction with the hosts of Soliman. Having gained nothing from the witty Valois, the pope wrote to Henry; but the English king refused with, in the English fashion, a long sermon on the wrongdoing of his Holiness in deposing John Zapolya, bidding the pope settle his affairs in Italy and come out of the emperor's reach to Avignon, assuring him that the Turk, far from intending to subvert the Christian faith, had no other purpose than to check the disastrous ambition of Charles the Fifth.

The pope and Charles could not set out on a crusade alone. So with the Turk at Buda they beheld, with ineffectual horror, the great, vigorous, heretical North combine with the vigorous East against the prestige of St. Peter and the monopoly of Spain.

Indeed they had cause to fear this combination, which forced the very emperor to liberty of conscience, and made the pope allow to the imperial envoy that perhaps he had blundered in opposing Henry's divorce. Had England and France continued friends there might have been no Reformation in England; and England and France seemed bound in daily increasing amity. There was talk of an interview between Francis and Henry at Calais, "on Turkish matters," writes Mai to Charles, "and it is certain that the kings have more fear of an imperial victory than of the Turk's." While the two kings kept their understanding with the Protestants in Germany and with Soliman at Buda, and almost commanded the pope to leave his Vatican and come to Avignon, Clement regretted the days when they had been his good allies against the emperor, — the emperor who held him

little better than a vassal, a necessary spiritual accessory, in his sacked and ravaged city of Rome.

France and England seemed likely to counterbalance Spain. Each needed the other and was doubly strong by her adjunction. England was necessary to France as the best of her allies against the emperor; and France was necessary to England, because to detach France from Scotland was the very essence of English development, and because, in the words of Muxetula, "The king of England wishes to show the pope that Francis is his ally, and to frighten his Holiness into granting a divorce." The Anti-Imperial League — Scotland — the divorce — these three reasons were completed by a fourth: the identity of French and English interests in the East. "It were well," said the pope confusedly to Andrea del Borgo, "It were well if we could separate England from France."

III.

IN the spring of 1532 Rincon left Paris for London to consult with the king of England before proceeding to the East. He had a long audience with Henry, in the course of which he was shown many letters and writings; and then, armed with the secret policy of France and England, Rincon proceeded to the East.

Towards the end of April Rincon was at Venice, where he was received with honor. It was rumored that he went on an errand of peace, to arrange matters between Ferdinand and John, and to postpone for a while the invasion of the sultan. We know well the value of such rumors, for John du Bellay in January, 1529, sending an envoy to John Zapolya, had caused it to be noised abroad that the man went to make peace between the two kings in Hungary. These rumors, it was supposed, put Europe off the scent, but the real allies were soon undeceived. The Venetian Signory lent Rincon a galley, and sent him on his way towards Constantinople. "But the imperial ambassador here," writes M. de Baif, "did all he could to prevent the passage of Captain Anthony Rincon."

This time the emperor did not succeed so well as when two years before he had captured the Ottoman ambassador, Zorzi Gritti. "It is said," writes Augustini, "the Spanish traitor Ringonus is already at Segna in Dalmatia;" "At present," says De Baif, "the captain may be at Ragusa *en route* for Constantinople." As a matter of fact, during the end of May

and the whole month of June Rincon lay sick at Tarra, dangerously ill of a fever. For he was an unhealthy, corpulent person, easily feverish, enormous in bulk, little fitted for long, dangerous travel under a burning sun in constant danger of ambush and annoy. His frequent and unsparing journeys told grievously on his health: "Ill of a fever," "none too well," "sick from his journey," "ill of an aposthume," "unable to sit on horseback" — such are the phrases which in nearly every letter that remains to us, qualify the condition of the great Eastern negotiator of his age.

So all June Rincon lay ill at Tarra, nor until far on in July did he arrive at the Turkish camp. For form's sake he stayed only two days at the camp, averring that he arrived too late, since the Turk was already in Europe. But it is very probable that neither he nor Francis nor Henry was seriously discomfited by an invasion which could only really annoy their enemy.

The Turk received Rincon with every sign of honor, sending many men and horses to meet him at Ragusa, and saluting him with royal honors at the camp. Nothing can have been more picturesque than the scene, for Rincon arrived at night, and in the strange dusk of that Eastern camp suddenly four hundred thousand flaming torches blazed aslant. Each of the Turks had lighted a fire-brand at his lance-point. "Judge," cries De Baif, "if after that the fireworks of Rome and the Castle of St. Angelo were more than a little village near Paris on a holiday night!"

These were the honors of a royal guest; and as such the sultan treated Rincon. The heavy, mild, grave man at once won the confidence of Soliman. Rincon had none of the lightness, the triviality of the Occidental. "To him," says Nichaudji, "the vizier Ibrahim spoke as a friend, but to the envoys of others as a lion." Now, and in subsequent and less successful visits, Rincon was greeted in the Oriental court with a personal favor difficult for a foreigner to win.

Next morning the sultan received the captain in his pavilion, with Ibrahim at his side and with a court of sixty pachas. An interpreter was given to Rincon, who had to make his addresses through Ibrahim. Then, the conference being ended, they walked about the camp, of which Rincon has left a remarkable description. "A perfect order," he declared, "arranged the disposal of their quarters; there was

no injustice or dishonesty anywhere; in the country through which they passed nothing was harmed — not so much as an ear of grain; and the hucksters and even the women walked about the camp in as much safety as in Venice. No strife or noise. Justice maintained, and all disputes at once heard and settled. In manners and good behavior, the Turks indeed seem Christians, and the Christians Turks."

Twenty-four hours later Rincon left the camp and he and Soliman went their different ways. By the end of August the Turk was within three or four leagues of Vienna and Rincon was in Venice, ill in M. de Vély's house. "Lord Rincon [the title is new] is here again," he writes, "ill of an apothume, so that he cannot endure to be on horseback, and must risk staying here to be caught by the Spaniards. *Dieu le garde et gardera!* But they are eager to catch him."

Affairs seemed now at their height of prosperity, but it was a prosperity that did not last. When Rincon returned to Paris in 1533 there was already a formidable jealousy between France and England. The question of Scotland menaced their alliance. In 1536 Francis gave his daughter Madelaine to the Scottish king, and that unfortunate marriage lost England to the Liberal League. A few years later Venice also openly turned her coat, and in 1538 concluded a defensive and offensive alliance with the empire against the Turk. Forgetful of her assurances to Soliman two years before, Venice began to proselytize for the empire, and, writing to Henry of England, observed that she was sure he also would join the emperor's allies. In fact negotiations with England began to be busy at that date. And while the emperor was gaining Venice, and France was losing England, John Zapolya, having married, gave up in 1536 his right to the crown of Hungary (mortgaged, as we remember, to Francis's second son) on consideration of receiving as a hereditary possession the principality of Transylvania. So between 1536 and 1538 England, Venice, and Hungary were lost to the Franco-Turkish alliance. But France at least remained firm — France, the originator of it all. A peace with Persia gave Soliman more time to attend to his Western alliance, and in 1538 Rincon was despatched to Turkey to solder and rivet the bonds of amity between the kingdom of France and the Porte.

IV.

On March 29th, 1538, the Bishop of Rhodes wrote to Montmorency that Rincon had reached Ragusa safe and without sea-sickness. But, he continues, "I do not advise that the captain should travel so openly. 'Tis better to make no advertisement, but take advantage of such chance vessels as have traffic with Ragusa, nor let them know what manner of man they have on board." "Moi," exclaims the bishop, "Moi, j'en use d'autres petits moyens secrets!" And Rincon has not money enough with him for his great expenses; the king must send him more.

Rincon arrived at Constantinople on June 13th. But he had scarcely delivered his fine messages of gratulation and alliance, when the news from the West made a singular commentary upon his protestations. Paul the Third had induced Francis to meet the emperor at Nice. On that occasion, neither prince would speak to the other, each addressing the pope. But none the less a truce was arranged for ten years. And a few weeks later, without any intervening Paul, the two princes met at Aigues-Mortes, and held a long and secret colloquy. What was actually decided at that conference Soliman never knew, nor can we now decide, but it was clear that Francis and the emperor were no longer enemies; and at the French court the grand-master Montmorency began to openly incline towards Spain.

In October Rincon wrote to Montmorency complaining of the difficulty of his position. He is left without guidance in a tremendous crisis; he hopes to do his best; but he must know plainly, and more often, how to govern and direct the affairs of France and Turkey. "If nothing yet worse happen to disturb and prevent our amity, all may yet go well," he declares; but the situation is already grave. At Christmas he has to write again. He is left without instructions, and Soliman, like Henry the Eighth, is not merely suspicious, but alarmed at the new understanding between the French king and the emperor. Still no decisive message comes from France, and finally, in the following March, Rincon wrote to the king himself. He wrote long and earnestly, urging the king, as in the affair of Gritti, not to break his word in an honorable contract. It seemed to Rincon no less just than necessary to keep the Turk content. Yet, he complains, he has no authentic letters, no expression of the French king's good-will, to show Soliman, in whose ears the ene-

mies of France daily whisper injurious reports. "And in this mutation of affairs," writes Rincon, "I am left to guide my steps ignorantly and alone." The letter ends with a sentence intended to revive in the discouraged heart of Francis the prospects of the Liberal League: "I am doing all I can," says Rincon, "to reconcile the Venetians and the Turks."

But while Rincon was endeavoring to reunite the shattered fragments of the League (inducing Venice to send Laurence Gritti to negotiate a reconciliation with the sultan; inducing Soliman to reinstate Corsino, Lord of Andros, expelled by Barbarossa from his archipelagian isle), while Rincon was working for the cause he had been sent to serve, Francis, as we see, had momentarily swung round to a novel point of view.

Since Aigues-Mortes Francis had been shy of the Turk. His rare messages to Rincon are merely recommendations to tone down his original instructions. "All I want is a good understanding with the Porte — nothing more special as yet. I thank Heaven, my affairs are doing well everywhere," writes the French king in August, 1539. We can imagine few situations more humiliating than that of Rincon; the intrepid ambassador who heretofore had carried everything before him, now condemned to wait and dally while his master experimented with the pope and coquetted with the emperor. Even the immense prestige of Rincon could not satisfy the sultan with this insincere diplomacy. The Bishop of Rhodes writes frequently to Montmorency from Venice urging either war with the emperor or a settled peace. "This mere truce does not secure us Austria, and the Turk will be malcontent and we shall lose him." Over and over again in his letters comes this warning: "*le mécontentement des Turcs*." He fears an open rupture with the grand seigneur, so little news has come. But Montmorency did not heed. Little at that moment did he care for Venice or for Soliman; for Milan was the bait. And finally in the spring of 1540 a thrill of swift indignation ran through the court of Constantinople at the news that the emperor was feasting in Paris.

The greed of Francis, the credulity of Montmorency had gone so far as that. In the autumn of 1539 the unhappy people of Ghent had risen against the fresh taxes imposed by the emperor. Taking advantage of his absence in Spain, and remembering perhaps that England and France were supposed to be negotiating a joint

invasion of Flanders, they rebelled against the imperial officers, offered the town of Ghent to Francis if he would protect it and preserve its ancient privileges; and promised moreover to use their influence with the other towns of Flanders who needed no great persuasion to escape the emperor's yoke. Had the burghers of Ghent made their offer two years before, the future of Flanders would have been French. But now the king of France was the emperor's ally; and Francis sent at once to Charles to inform him that he was on the point of losing Flanders. This at least, though hard to Ghent, was an honorable proceeding. But Charles knew not how to reach his province of the Netherlands; should he go through Germany he would encounter the Protestant princes; should he go by sea, the winds might cast him ashore off Harwich or Dover, where the English were still furious by reason of the divorce. Even the remnants of the Liberal League were still so powerful! So he sent to Francis, offering him as the price of a free passage through France, the duchy of Milan for Francis or his children. We know the force of that offer. Francis consented; and thereby he did an evil turn, not only to the city which had put its trust in him, but to all the allies of France, in Germany, England, Italy, and Turkey.

So the emperor was in Paris, a feasted and honored guest. When the news came to Constantinople the sultan was furious. It is said that Soliman, believing himself deceived by Rincon, was tempted to put the French ambassador to death. At least he did not do so; and Rincon came unscathed in good faith and influence out of this desperate trial. Fortunately at this moment the peace of Venice with Turkey (1540) happened to attest his honesty; and in July the death of John Zapolya left an infant son, ignorant of the mortgage on his inheritance, to contest the crown his father had formally renounced. With Hungary open again, Venice reconciled, England and France not yet definitely lost, and Germany more Lutheran than before, Rincon persuaded Soliman that still there was some hope of the Liberal League. His influence was so great that Soliman finally consented to reconcile himself with France; but Rincon, and Rincon only, must, he declared, undertake the negotiation. So, with a desperate task behind and a difficult one before, Captain Rincon left Constantinople. He arrived at Venice, ill and weary with stormy travel, early in January, 1541.

There he met a certain noble Venetian, son of the doge of Genoa, Cesare Fregoso, also interested in Oriental matters; and in his company Captain Rincon made the difficult and hazardous journey that, in those times of jealousy and division, separated Liberal Venice from once Liberal Paris.

V.

WHEN Rincon with his companion, Cesare Fregoso, arrived in Paris, they found the king as discontented with the emperor as they themselves could be. For Charles had kept none of his promises with regard to Milan; and when he was reminded of his offer, declared, after his manner, that he had never said it. Besides, added he, how could I yield you Milan, a fief of the empire, without the consent of my electors; when you, though bound by solemn treaties, refused me Burgundy because of the reluctance of the notables? "And indeed I will do him this much honor," observed the shrewd Martin du Bellay, "I believe that had he lost the battle he would have kept his faith with the king, hoping for aid and succor; but since he very easily reduced the Gantois, why should he remember France?" This was the natural point of view of the ironic and irritated Liberal who all along had foreseen what would come of it; but Francis, who had been thoroughly and doubly duped, both by Montmorency and by the emperor himself, took the matter more indignantly. When Fregoso told him of the disgust of Venice, when Rincon assured him of the alienation of the Turk, when it became evident that England, afraid of being forestalled, was herself going over to the emperor's camp, Francis knew no words for his own blindness or for the fatal cleverness of the emperor's manœuvre. He disgraced Montmorency; he promised his niece in marriage to the emperor's special enemy, the Duke of Cleves; and, though nothing definite as yet could be done with England, he at once despatched Fregoso to Venice and Rincon to Constantinople with papers — with no one will ever know what special private messages of alliance and apology, what promises for the future, what menaces to Charles!

Rincon and Fregoso were to travel together as far as Venice, even as they had travelled home; the former therefore, for once, instead of travelling almost untended and in public vessels, experienced the comfort and ease of a great person's progress. For Cesare Fregoso was a

young cavalier of much importance, somewhat tarnished in Italy and suspected of selling the secrets of Venice to the king of France; and yet not so much so but that he was chosen as the most honorable ambassador to the doge and Signory. Fregoso was, as we have said, a nobleman of Genoa, son of the doge there, a brother-in-law of the great condottiere, Guido Rangoni, and like him in the service of France. He was, in short, one of the many Italians who looked to France to rescue Italy from the emperor; one of the many Italians who saw, some centuries too soon, that France alone could aid their country to make herself a nation. His family had ever been Guelph, that is to say anti-imperial and democratic. Fregoso himself had been educated at the court of France; and both by his personal friendship with Francis, and by the hereditary principles of his house, it was his natural wish to see the king of France, and not the emperor, master of northern Italy.

In 1537 Fregoso had fought long and well against the imperial forces under Del Guasto; and now, as a man committed to anti-imperial principles, Francis sent him to Venice, herself newly reconciled to the Porte, in order to re-integrate the League. At the same moment, as we know, he sent Rincon to the Porte where Soliman had already promised to look favorably on his proposals.

Towards the middle of June Rincon and Fregoso arrived at Lyons, and there they decided to make a halt of a few days, Rincon having to wind up some necessary affairs, while Fregoso went on alone as far as Susa, in order to review his company of men-at-arms which, for the moment, was stationed at that place. This arrangement made the two ambassadors a few days longer on their way to Venice than had entered into the calculations either of themselves or of their enemies. Owing to this delay before they had quitted French territory Guillaume du Bellay, the king's lieutenant-general in Piedmont, heard a rumor that the emperor, notwithstanding that he was at peace with France, had given orders to Del Guasto that the two ambassadors should be murdered in Lombardy on their way to Venice. The news was no sooner received than he sent post-haste to Rincon and Fregoso not to pass beyond Rivoli in Piedmont before they should have taken counsel with him.

Rincon and Fregoso met again at Susa; they set out together for the little town of Rivoli, six Italian miles from Turin, and arrived there on the first day of July, 1541.

Du Bellay set off to meet them, and rode up about midnight the same evening bringing with him some trusted officers and the spies he had sent out on all sides to sound the intentions of Del Guasto. All these unanimously declared that the emperor's agent had already laid an ambush some way down the river Po. Nothing could be simpler, said Du Bellay, than that the ambassadors should change their route; it was indeed their plain duty, since not their lives alone but the secrets of the king were in danger. He had provided for all. Among the motley crowd of spies and officers who had accompanied him to Rivoli there was a young Milanese nobleman, Hercules Visconti, who undertook to guide the two ambassadors by night through secret ways, from castle to castle of his family, in such a way that on the Sunday night they should reach Piacenza, friendly ground to France and still (until 1545) one of the States of the Church.

But to Du Bellay's great surprise and even indignation, neither of the ambassadors was easy to convince. Fregoso, as we know, had fought in person against Del Guasto, whom he esteemed an honorable soldier, incapable of so base an act as to assassinate the ambassadors of a king with whom his master was formally at peace. He therefore exclaimed that no calumny should persuade him to change his plans; and insisted that Du Bellay, instead of sending him to Piacenza, should lend him a couple of boats to take himself and his escort down the Po. It was an awkward moment for Captain Rincon. He was in reality travelling in the ample escort of Fregoso, therefore, though in reality the captain saw but too much judgment in Du Bellay's words, he did not venture on any remonstrance, not feeling persuaded that the new plan itself was any safer, and not liking to persuade his companion to undertake, because of his own alarm, the risks and hardships of Visconti's plan. Moreover, Rincon was himself so ailing and so corpulent, that it was doubtful if he could support a journey on horseback. We have seen how at Venice in the spring he had preferred the risk of capture by the Spaniards to the pains of travel. The same thing happened again; rather than displease his companion or tax his own endurance, Rincon, with a truly Spanish mixture of fatalism, courtesy, indolence, and courage, consented to the easy journey down the Po towards the Adriatic.

But one thing Du Bellay obtained from them at last. The two ambassadors con-

sented that Visconti should take, if not themselves, at least their papers and despatches round by Piacenza in safety, and restore them in Venice. So, if the emperor laid an ambush and took Rincon and Fregoso on the Po, it would be but their lives that he would gain. And if, instead, Visconti fell a victim to treachery, the two men knew their message and could none the less deliver it at Venice and at Constantinople. This was all that the energy, the reason, and the entreaties of Du Bellay could procure.

Having rested one day at Rivoli, on Saturday the ambassadors and their suite embarked, Rincon and Fregoso in the first boat, and their escort in the second, making a party of sixteen or twenty persons. Du Bellay bade them adieu at Verolengo and returned to Turin. All day and all night, for four-and-twenty hours, the embassy sailed down the Po until they reached a little place two miles below Cassale. Thence, after a short rest, they set out again and came about noonday to a village called Piaga di Cantalupo, about three miles above the mouth of the Ticino and therefore not far from Pavia. Here, suddenly, two other vessels, filled with men-at-arms, boarded the boat of the ambassadors, slaying at once both Rincon and Fregoso. But the other boat, where most of the escort were, pushed ashore unnoticed; and the servants remained hidden in a wood till night fell and then escaped in safety.

The greatest pains were taken to keep the deed secret. Rincon and Fregoso, as we know, were killed at once; such of their servants as were captured, the boatmen, and even the soldiers and the boatmen of Del Guasto's own party, were taken that night by secret ways and thrown into the castle of Pavia. Thus without any scandal the emperor and his agents hoped to suppress the dangerous embassy of Francis.

But they had not reckoned with Du Bellay. Already he suspected treachery, and when no news was heard of the two ambassadors at Venice, he set his spies again upon Del Guasto's track. By means of the escaped servants or by some other way Du Bellay ascertained that the escort of the ambassadors were lying in the lowermost dungeons of the castle of Pavia. That discovered, he found means to introduce a body of men with muffled files into the moat at night. They fled away the bars of the dungeon in the dark, and led the prisoners by stealth to Turin; "a thing," writes Martin du Bellay, who

leaves this record, "which was not done without great expense and vigilance."

Now with the eye-witnesses under his hand, Du Bellay found it easy to avenge his murdered friends. First he discovered a certain Captain Paulin de la Garde to carry their papers to Venice and the Turk. Secondly he persuaded Francis to proclaim to the whole of Europe and to the East the treachery of Charles towards a nation with whom he was at truce. Thus by his death even as by his life Rincon kept his master for a moment longer from the fatal paths of Spain. The Truce of Nice was broken; Soliman was appeased; open war broke out again between the French and the empire; and Rincon and Fregoso were avenged.

A. M. F. ROBINSON.
(Madame James Darmesteter.)

From Temple Bar.

ACHILLE.

A SKETCH FROM THE LIFE.

"COME, come! Courage, *mon gars!*" cried Veuve Tasse, patting poor Achille Jeannot heavily on the back. "Nothing is ever so bad but what it might be worse."

"That is true," murmured a little crowd of neighbors.

The scene was a street in the little French seaport town of St. Didier; the hour six o'clock on a fine evening in the summer. All the world was out of doors, and assembled in groups in the Place d'Armes, or outside the *cafés*. In the midst of the Place d'Armes, facing the yellow-bricked Hotel de Ville, and with their backs to the stuccoed splendors of monsieur le general's mansion, a military band was performing, which formed a great centre of attraction to the upper *bourgeoisie*. The mammas sat under the few and scantily foliaged trees, each with a slim daughter beside her, with black eyes and a wonderfully twisted fringe of hair on her forehead; officers in full uniform clanked about; a splendid lady, with a fringe of glowing golden hair, and the most exquisite complexion that pearl-powder and a *soupeçon* of rouge could produce, sat near the music with quite a little court around her, gleaming with sabres and epaulettes. *Mon général* himself, in a very short jacket, sat in another place of honor, from whence the full sound of his apoplectic cackle crossed the pathetic passages of the music.

But in the Grande Rue, which left the

Place d'Armes and went stiffly down towards the sea, there was woe and tribulation.

Achille Jeannot was a hair-dresser. Already at nineteen he met with a success such as is rare in this world. Hair grew on bald heads at his touch. The most difficult female face was *coiffé* in such a way with a few turns of his taper hands as to bring immediately to the point the most reluctant *épouseur*. He had invented a hair-wash that had already found its way to Paris. There was something about him that inspired confidence.

Madame la colonelle, whose whole career was spoilt by the impossibility of parting her hair straight, was supplied with an original style—hair divided at the side, brought over, frizzed, twisted, reversed. It was a brilliant stroke. Achille alone knew the secret of the golden hair that caused Madame Duval to be called *la belle des belles* in St. Didier, and surrounded her with epaulettes whenever the band played. But his discretion was absolute.

But the blow had fallen. Achille had drawn a bad number in the conscription. Achille must discard his perfumed sable curls for the shaven regulation head; Achille must doff the spotless white apron of his morning labors, and the faultless check of the afternoons, for the loose blue tunic and baggy red trousers—the shapeless garments of his country's defenders.

No wonder that his heart sank. Veuve Tasse was his aunt, an enormous woman in a short loose brown jacket and a large white cap. She farmed her own land, and rode in every Saturday cross-legged on a donkey, between two wooden paniers full of vegetables, and with festoons of living fowls fastened by the legs dangling head downwards round her.

"Courage," she said. But Achille could not be expected to show courage on such an occasion as this.

"My prospects!" he cried, with a fine pathos. "My hopes! my *fiancée!*"

Some one gave poor little Aglaé Mounet a friendly push from behind, and Veuve Tasse caught her with a mighty hand.

"Aglaé," she said, "thou alone standest with dry eyes. Hast thou then no feeling?"

"I have feeling," said Aglaé, raising her proud little pale face, "but I have also hope. We have the money; it is not enough to despair because in three days we have not found a substitute."

"But to-morrow—to-morrow," cried

Achille, clutching his hair, "these locks must fall!"

A perfect groan burst from the little crowd.

"Look!" said Aglaé, holding out her hands; "we have between us two thousand francs to offer; and do you mean to tell me that for *that* no substitute can be found? Bah!" Aglaé turned on her heel, and went up the street. Veuve Tasse put her cap straight with a shake and a rapid movement of both hands.

"*Peste!*" she exclaimed. "Two thousand francs! I did not think that it was so much as that."

"It is a large sum," said old Madame Vigot. "If I had a son, I would send him, and live on the money. But I have only a daughter for my sins!"

"Leave me to my sorrow," said Achille. "I have but one consolation: the ladies of St. Didier will regret me. Lying on the battle-field, dabbled in gore, I shall yet feel that when another takes their locks in hand, a sigh will betray that Achille is not forgotten."

"Courage, mon gars," repeated Veuve Tasse mechanically. "There is, then, no mistake about the money?"

"Money! She talks of money! *Ciel!* where is her heart?"

"But, after all, business is business. Come into the shop with me, my nephew. I have a proposal to make."

Achille rose to his feet with alacrity, and followed his worthy aunt into the innermost recesses of the shop. The women lingered a little while, chattering, and then walked on their way.

The band ceased. La belle des belles came up the street, Monsieur Duval timidly following at her heels, the epaulettes gleaming in the fading light. She stopped at the door of the *coiffeur's* shop, and tapped it with her fan.

"Jeannot!" she cried; "Jeannot!"

The window flew open, a rush of perfumes shed themselves on the air, and Achille appeared.

"Madame?"

"At twelve o'clock to-morrow?"

"Alas, madame, if it be possible!"

"Come; you must do the impossible," said one of the gentlemen, laughing. "Nothing is impossible for *la toute belle*."

"It shall be done," said Achille, with his hand on his heart.

The next day the market rang with the news. A substitute had been found—Veuve Tasse's youngest son, a youth with a round, shapeless face like a radish, and

sabots which clickety-clopped along. He joined the army in floods of tears.

Achille waited on Madame Duval, and arranged a coiffure for her that day which had rarely been equalled, never excelled.

"He is a genius, this little Achille! *Va!*"

In the course of a month Achille Jeannot called one evening on Monsieur Mounet, the father of his *fiancée*. Monsieur Mounet was a watchmaker and jeweller, and the world prospered with him. He had three daughters—the two elder married, both happy widows. It was a peculiarity of St. Didier, there were no men in the place. Monsieur Mounet could hardly be called a man; he was like a weak, elderly bird, nothing but prominent watery blue eyes, and a large pale beak. Madame did everything. All the shops were served by women; women kept the cafés. The men who were in the town were the idle ones, who lived on their wives' earnings. The best of the men were away for ten months of the year in the Newfoundland fisheries; and when they were at home, it was such a hindrance, such a *gêne*, that no one was comfortable till they were away again. The opinion held of men in general was low in St. Didier. There were plenty of soldiers, but they naturally were of small consequence. A woman who was a widow got on well; while her husband lived her prosperity was doubtful. Papa Mounet considered himself much blest of Providence.

Madame Mounet was, as far as worldly prosperity was concerned, as good as a widow. Mounet mended the clocks and watches, she sold them; she kept the *caisse*, and did everything.

Aglaé was in a dressmaker's *atelier*, and was already earning largely; she had contributed a large portion of the sum necessary to buy a substitute for her lover.

Monsieur Mounet, in a black nightcap, which formed a kind of pointed back feather to his head, was sitting in the shop when Achille, curled, scented, and in his check suit, came in.

"Good evening, papa," he said. "I have come for a word on business."

"Marie Mounet! Marie Mounet!" chirped the old man, "Monsieur comes on business! Come here."

"Coming!" cried a shrill voice; and Madame Mounet, in the permanent black bonnet in which she ate, worked, lived, and apparently slept, came in.

"Ah! it is thee, Achille," she said. "Why did you not say so? I was serving

the soup. I have washed my hands unnecessarily."

"I have business to discuss," said Achille. "I am anxious to see you."

"Follow me, then."

In the twinkling of an eye she led the way to the kitchen, put on her huge blue apron, and proceeded with her culinary operations.

"Well?" she said, for Achille stood silent, twirling his hat.

"The atmosphere is not conducive to sentiment," he began.

"*Ciel!* what does the man mean?"

Achille seated himself resignedly.

"Maman," he said, "I will adopt your own mode, and speak with brutality. I want to be married without delay."

"*Bain,*" said Madame Mounet. "Aglæ will be free next Monday. But why this haste?"

"Let us be established," he said. "Life is short."

"That is true; Rosalie and Victorine are both widows."

Achille turned a shade paler.

"*Maman,*" he said, with emphasis; "it is to my substitute I alluded — the chances of war."

"But there is no war just now."

"No; but there are a thousand considerations. Should he be unhappily killed, unless a man has been married a certain time, he is not safe."

"I know, I know. *Dame!* you are quite right; it would not be comfortable. Well! give notice at once. I will tell Aglaë."

"Then I may look on it as settled?"

"*Dame, oui;* why not? Rosalie and Victorine were married in just such haste."

"*Parbleu!*" But Achille got no further, for the door opened, and handsome little Aglaë came in. She had a short, rather square face, with large eyes, and very thick eyebrows; her nose was short, and she had a determined little rounded chin, and very white teeth.

"Aglæ is made to get on as her sisters have done. I have no fear," said Madame Mounet; and with a dexterous hand she turned out a frizzling omelette, rapidly served a tureen full of white soup made of bread boiled into a thick, glutinous paste, set a bottle of very yellow cider on the table, and said to Achille, who stood with an air somewhat abashed by her constant allusions, —

"Come, *mon fils,* sit down and eat with us. *Dame!* we shall soon be one family."

Achille bowed, and seated himself with grace, fastening a table-napkin under his chin.

"Aglæ," he said, as she gave him a spoon, "it is on the subject of our marriage I came to speak to your mother."

"Yes," said Aglaë, "it should take place at once. I have small faith in your substitute."

"*Hein?*" exclaimed Achille. "Why, *ma mie?*"

"If he can get away, he will, the poor boy! I think no time should be lost."

"Thou art willing?"

"Yes, yes," said Madame Mounet, helping her husband to soup with a lavish hand. "Her sisters have done so well that she has every reason to hope."

Achille felt as if he were choking; but he preserved a ghastly kind of politeness.

"I will speak to monsieur le curé this very afternoon," he began; and with another attempt at sentiment, "Hast thou thy wedding gown in readiness, Aglaë?"

"Yes," she answered. "Black silk."

"It is well to be prepared for everything," said Madame Mounet. "Rosalie and Victorine were both married in black silk; they have proved most useful."

"There I draw the line," shouted Monsieur Achille. "My wife shall not be married in black silk. I go — I fly — I purchase the gown myself. Madame, your soup is excellent, your omelette is perfection, but — *peste!* it is the appetite that lacks. *A bientôt.*"

He seized his hat and went out.

"He is abrupt, the *fiancé*," said Madame Mounet. "People that are abrupt go far. What will he buy thee?"

The question was solved that evening by the arrival of a blue silk gown, and a red and yellow Paisley shawl.

A Paisley shawl is the article of dress *de rigueur* in a St. Didier wedding of the *petite bourgeoisie*.

Ten days later, Achille and Aglaë were married.

The wedding party made an excursion to a neighboring village, dined there, danced, returned, and commenced business in the Grande Rue.

On the evening of his wedding day Achille was summoned to *coiffer* madame la générale for a ball, and he took with him a tail of hair of the most expensive shade, the delicate touch of grey when the hair first begins to betray that the wearer is no longer young; and as madame la générale preferred a *coiffure au naturel*, he introduced this tail with such adroit skill, that she felt that she could

no longer exist without it, and paid her seventy-five francs without a murmur.

Aglæ took possession of the *caisse* as her natural right, and she proceeded to lay by, franc by franc, sous by sous, a precautionary sum. Her precaution proved but too wise.

Three months after their marriage, as the happy couple were seated together one day at breakfast about twelve o'clock, the threshold was overshadowed by the sinister apparition of a *gens-d'arme*.

"Monsieur!" exclaimed Achille, sinking back in his chair, white as the napkin waving from his button-hole. "In what can I serve you?"

"Be calm, Monsieur Jeanniot," said the stout emissary of the law. "I have only to leave this with you."

And he laid a little fluttering yellow paper on the table. Achille recoiled from it as if it would bite.

"But what is it?" he said, his teeth chattering.

Aglæ took it up with her quick, hard little brown fingers, and read it.

"It is an order to appear before the gentlemen at the Mairie before four o'clock," she said.

"Courage!" said the *gens-d'arme* good-naturedly. "You are conscious of no offence?"

"You have no idea of the reason, monsieur?" said Aglaë briskly.

"None, madame. Probably an affair of taxation."

"We are ready. Come, Achille, with thy conscious rectitude—come, eat."

The *gens-d'arme* withdrew. Being on duty, he was compelled to refuse Madame Jeanniot's proffered hospitality. But Achille could not touch another morsel.

After breakfast he went to the Mairie, where he was informed that notice had been received that his substitute had deserted the army; that he could not be found; that he in consequence must hold himself ready to join the regiment at Nantes in two days.

Achille returned home raving. He tore his hair, he wept; the customers came in, but could secure no attention, and went to another shop to be shaved.

"What is the use?" cried the distracted coiffeur. "What signifies two chins more or less when every head in the place is dropping from me?"

"Such are men!" said Aglaë. "It is for us women to act." And she put on her bonnet, drew on her Paisley shawl—for was not the question a momentous

one?—and proceeded to the shop of Monsieur Mounet.

Monsieur Mounet was sitting in the window, bending over his work. She passed him with a little nod.

"*Bon jour, papa*"—and took her way into her mother's kitchen. In five minutes the two widows were summoned—one from the flourishing *menuisier's* shop opposite, the other from the *fer-blanc* establishment that she conducted with so much spirit—and the four women entered upon a close bargain.

After about half-an-hour Aglaë concluded her business, got up, and tied her bonnet-strings. She had obtained the necessary money—a thousand francs from her mother at two per cent., a thousand francs from her sisters at five per cent.

The next thing was to find a substitute. It was no time to think of petty economies. Aglaë hired a *voiture de place* and drove out three miles into the country, to the farm of Veuve Tasse.

Veuve Tasse received her in her large panelled kitchen, round which, in boxes in the walls, the sons of the family slept. She swept out of the door a hen with a large brood of half-grown chickens with the skirt of her gown, placed a stool for her guest and another for herself, and prepared for business.

Veuve Tasse rose to the occasion. She knew a carpenter who had mentioned to her a coachman in a family who had a hopeless rascal of a son. This was just what was wanted.

Aglæ returned home triumphant. The affair was arranged; but alas! there was now a mortgage on the smart little shop, and the perfumes, soaps, and hair-washes it contained.

A year passed. Achille prospered wonderfully; Aglaë put by steadily; they lived with the closest economy. They already had paid off the loan of the *menuisier*, who, being the richest of the family, was also the most anxious about her money. Achille was often now plunged into all the agonies of inspiration; he was possessed with an idea—a new pomade. He could think of nothing else—when once more the thunderbolt fell.

This time the invitation to the Mairie was not so gentle. *Ces messieurs* were irritated. The substitute that Achille had provided had been such a bad one—a drunkard, a thief, a coward, and finally a deserter. The superb Achille must hold himself in readiness to depart the following day.

Achille went home in a dark and suicidal frame of mind. Only three weeks later, and he might have had an excuse to offer. He did not know rightly whether it would have proved sufficient; but in his present mood he believed, and liked to believe, that it would — that he was especially persecuted by Providence. In three weeks he would be a *père de famille*.

Achille sat in a tragic attitude. But he had an extreme faith in Aglaé; she might even now rescue him again. But Aglaé shook her head.

"No, *mon homme*," she said. "To raise another such sum would compromise our future. Thou must go."

"But the shop, *ma femme* — the business?"

Madame Mounet entered briskly at the moment.

"For that, *mon gars*," she said, "thou needst have no fear. My daughters are blessed by Providence with a natural aptitude for business. See Victorine — Rosalie."

Achille left the shop precipitately, and flew into the curtained recess where the razors were always ready.

"My razors!" he shouted.

"Achille!" said the women together.

There was no answer.

"Thou hadst better go," said Madame Mounet. "He may be about to cut his throat."

Aglaé peeped in trembling, then returned to her mother.

"*Bain!*" she said. "His throat?"

"*Dame non!* His hair! The sacrifice is perhaps greater."

Who would recognize the beautiful Achille Jeannot when the next morning, his sable curls shaved, his luxuriant whiskers gone, his delicate waist and elegant shape disguised in a loose blue tunique and baggy red trousers, his patent-leather boots exchanged for broad-toed regulation shoes, he presented himself before the authorities, and was ordered off to Nantes.

Veuve Tasse rode in on her donkey, the two widows came in to dinner, and all comforted the forlorn Aglaé with the consolation that nothing was so bad but what it might be worse.

The time passed on, and the little shop continued to flourish fairly well. Aglaé lived upon almost nothing, bought and sold judiciously, and increased her gains by taking in work from the atelier to which she had formerly belonged. Her baby, a little girl with a black, curly hair which she felt would in itself prove an advertisement when her Achille returned,

learned to walk and to talk, and to be a universal plaything.

One morning old Mounet quietly dropped off his perch, and his feeble chirp was no longer heard. Madame Mounet made a capital bargain. She let the shop and the custom, kept the apartments on the first and second floors, lived in a closet with no window, and let the rooms well.

So the whole family prospered wonderfully till Monsieur Achille's term of service was accomplished.

One splendid morning in July, when St. Didier was full of visitors, and trade was at its briskest, Aglaé received a telegram announcing that that evening by the 6.30 train her husband would arrive.

She flew across to Madame Mounet to announce it, and not finding her at home, pursued her to the shop of the *menuisère*, where she found her with both her sisters — Rosalie, the *marchande en fer-blanc*, having rapidly crossed over when she saw her mother go in. They were obliged to stand at the street door, that each capable woman might keep an eye on her shop.

"Maman! Maman!" cried Aglaé; "this very afternoon Achille comes back!"

There was a silence; the three women shook their heads.

"I congratulate thee," said Madame Mounet.

Aglaé gave a little laugh.

"One is so used to be without him now," she said.

"Yes," said the *marchande en fer-blanc*; "and as he believes himself to be persecuted of Providence, his return will be a signal for fresh misfortunes."

"At least they will not affect thee, *ma sœur*," said Aglaé. "The mortgage is paid, and with his prestige we shall soon make a fortune."

"Hands that handle the musket get too hard and rough to manipulate pomatum," said the *menuisère*. "And *ces messieurs* are generally given to drink," said the *marchande en fer-blanc*.

"Still we have already borne so much together, we can support her now," said Madame Mounet; and all three shook their heads.

At this moment little curly-headed Bébé caught sight of her mother, and rushed across the road shouting, —

"Papa! Papa!"

"*Où donc, papa!*" cried Aglaé. "*Dame!* I thought I was not pleased; the *bon Dieu* forgive me, for my heart is bursting with joy!" And she ran home again, singing and laughing.

So Monsieur Achille came home again, and gave his whole mind to cosmetiques and hair-washes which would renew his curls and the delicacy of his hands and his complexion.

Who so proud as Aglaé as she came home from *la grande messe* on Sunday with her Achille? About a week passed, every hour of which Achille spent in anxious care of his hands; already they began to resume their softness of texture, but they were not yet fit to *coiffer* a lady — there was no doubt of that. But poor Jeanniot's troubles were not over yet. One night there was a wild cry all down the Grande Rue — a shout which freezes the blood with terror — "*Au feu! Au feu!*"

Before morning Achille Jeanniot's little shop was a heap of blackened ruins, and nothing was saved but the little desk in which Aglaé kept her savings, and which she deliberately carried away with her out of flames which scorched and burnt the dressing-gown she wore.

Achille no longer tore his hair; he sat in the back shop of the *marchande en fer-blanc*, and large tears slowly coursed down his cheeks.

"Persecuted of Heaven — persecuted of Heaven!" he exclaimed; but his brave little wife would not have it.

"How?" she exclaimed, "when we are all here safe? *Dame!* instead of repining, let us thank God."

"Men are of no use," said one of the widows from the group. "It is for us to act."

And once more the four women bargained for an hour, their voices sometimes rising shrilly, sometimes chattering so fast as to be only intelligible among themselves. And the result was that it was agreed that for one month Achille should pay attention to his hands unremittingly, and that meanwhile the shop should be rebuilt, re-stocked; and if he were to succeed with the invention of that pomade which was always unctuously floating before his imagination — *Dame!* they would bear half the cost of the *affaires*.

And tired of her persecutions, fickle Fortune changed her mind. Achille resumed his old habits, but with a success never before attained. So often was he called upon to tell his misfortunes as he raised elaborate pyramids of curls on the heads of his *clientèle* that he attained an attractive air of conquered suffering that was most successful. The pomade was such a triumphant success that the *caisse* grew fuller and fuller.

Aglaé no longer worked for the *atelier*. She kept a *bonne à tout faire*.

Madame Mounet rubbed her hands together one day.

"I am much blessed in my daughters," she said.

Achille patted Aglaé's little brown hand.

"That is true, *maman*," he said. "Good daughters make good wives. May Bébé some day make some honest man as happy as your daughter has made me, in spite of — the many misfortunes that pursued our youth."

Madame Mounet paid not the slightest attention.

"Yes, I have been most fortunate. Both Victorine and Rosalie — and I may say Aglaé — in spite of —"

"Do not hesitate, *maman*," said Achille, smiting his breast — "In spite of — me."

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
A RUSSIAN MONASTERY.

THOSE who are obliged to tarry long at Cavalla, in Thrace, as a rule grow very sorry for themselves; if the victim cares for sentiment, he is glad to find himself on the spot once known as Neapolis, the first spot on this continent of Europe on which St. Paul landed on his way to Philippi in capacity of apostle to us gentiles; he visits the well where popular report says that the first of the many sermons addressed to European ears was preached, provided with an escort to protect him from real or imaginary brigands, he toils to Philippi and back in one day, and it depends entirely on his capacity for imagination whether he enjoys that day or not, for the present Philippi retains but few relics of the past, and to believe that two tottering towers of modern construction still visible on the ancient acropolis were the prisons of Paul and Silas requires a mind void of all scepticism. If, on the other hand, the victim loves tobacco and nothing else, Cavalla will be to him a paradise; it is the great mart for the Turkish tobacco grown on the plains of Drama and Philippi. Every one he visits will give him tobacco — specimens of their best hoping to secure a large order eventually.

We were three victims thus obliged to tarry, one moderately sentimental and soon sated with reminiscences of St. Paul, one moderately fond of tobacco, and imbued with a feeling that there are other things to live for in this world beside

smoke, and one, the servant to the other two, who keeps a tobacco-shop in a far-off Greek island; he alone of the three was thoroughly happy at Cavalla during the enforced delay, and was busy all the time with his needle, padding his coat, waistcoat, and trousers with tobacco, with a view to deceiving the customs on his return home, and, when the time of our release eventually came, he presented the appearance of a fatted ox, and, as the weather was very hot, I tremble to think what his interior sensations must have been.

Wearied of our existence at Cavalla, we listened with interest to accounts of a new monastery which Russian monks from Mount Athos have erected of late years on a promontory some ten miles distant from Cavalla; the same accounts darkly hinted that the object of this monastic establishment was not purely religious, that the Russians had bought up vast estates in its vicinity, that for the use of a few monks they had built a barrack which could contain, if needed, hundreds of soldiers, and that the Turks, alarmed at the prospect of a Russian garrison in their very midst, had refused to allow the Russians to buy up any more land. Stimulated by these reports to investigate for ourselves the facts, and rejoicing in the idea of something definite to do, we decided to go in person to the monastery, armed with a letter to the superior, to throw ourselves on the monkish hospitality for a night or so, and to disregard rumors concerning a certain brigand who they told us at Cavalla claimed the coastline near the monastery as his own special hunting-ground.

Leftherai is the name of the promontory in question, a hilly spur of the once celebrated Mount Pangæus, the California of the ancient world. This promontory juts into the sea for several miles, and possesses at the southern extremity a lovely cove, one of the best harbors on this coast; it contains several square miles of rich agricultural land, shut in by hills, and it is, from the cove to the slopes of Pangæus, all Russian property, and is farmed by them, forming a perfect oasis of civilization and culture in the midst of the bare, deserted hills of Turkey.

We landed from our boat close to a small square house on the shore about two miles from the monastery, the *chiftlik* or farm of St. Andreas as it is called, where half-a-dozen Russian monks devote themselves to fishing and looking after the monastic schooner, which was lying at

anchor in the cove, ready to transport to distant marts the produce of the farm, and to bring back from Russia much-prized delicacies, such as caviare, koumiss, and tea, for the edification of the monks. They received us hospitably in their common room, and invited us, whilst tea was being prepared, to walk to the end of a little promontory and watch their fishing arrangements. In these parts they have a very curious and time-honored method of catching the shoals of fish which invariably in the month of May come into this bay. On a lofty erection in the water, constructed with piles, sat a monk in his tall hat and cassock, in silent contemplation of the waves beneath him; in front of this erection ran a long net, fastened at one end to a rock and attached to piles driven into the sea, so as to form a semi-circle round the place of inspection, where the monks take it in turns of two hours to sit and watch all day until the shoal arrives. The fish invariably enter the bay at the other end, follow the shore for what they can get, and then by shouting and throwing of stones they are driven towards the net, which the monk — "the archon of the fishing" as he is called — pulls up by a string when he sees his opportunity. This is a common mode of fishing for tunny fish all along this coast, and those who care to refer to Oppian's "Art of Fishing" will find that they did exactly the same thing in these very waters in his day.

After imbibing large glasses of Russian tea, we set off on the excellent road which leads to the monastery. We walked through fertile meadows with corn on either side of us towering above our heads — such a road as no Turk was ever guilty of making — and, when we had gone through a low pass in the hill which shut off the inland basin, our eyes rested on the gigantic monastery at the head of the vale, nestling beneath the mighty heights of Pangæus.

Of a truth our friends in Cavalla had not exaggerated. The monastery at Leftherai is a huge pile of buildings grouped round a busy farmyard, and surrounded as far as the eye could reach by vineyards, olive-plantations, and cornfields — a perfect paradise to look upon — and shut in on all sides by rounded hills. As we approached, we were lost in astonishment to see around us farm machinery of every description — such things as you see nowhere else in Turkey — ploughing, reaping, and threshing machines, numbers of strongly made bullock-carts; in short, all the evidences of high cultivation. The

fields to the right and left of us were full of Wallachian peasants employed in tilling the ground and pruning the vines — wild-looking men, who flock hither from the mountains in crowds, for Russian pay is better than any other in the Balkan peninsula. Then we said to one another in considerable bewilderment, what could have been the origin of all this? Fifteen monks in all we counted — certainly there are no more; these are the only inhabitants of this vast building, or rather, they live in a small building, and have their cells, their common room, and their church just over the porch; whereas another disjointed building, in the façade of which we counted one hundred windows, and which runs along the northern side of the enclosure, is entirely untenanted, for the farm laborers and their wives and families are accommodated in shanties outside.

The superior was absent when we arrived, and we were handed over to the tender mercies of a young novice named Joseph, who alone of the assembled fathers could speak Greek. He led us to a large, airy room in the empty building — the guest-room as they call it — and that night we were the only occupants of the place, and could wander up and down the long corridors and peep into the empty cells.

Joseph was constantly plying us with refreshments, and at each visit he told us disjointed facts from his history: how his father had brought him, when a tiny, suffering child, to the great Russian monastery on Mount Athos; how a great swelling on his neck had been miraculously healed immediately on his arrival; and how he, consequently, felt bound in return to devote his life to religion. "At the age of thirty," he said, "I shall take the lesser habit, and hope, if spared, to advance to the great angelical habit," which, he explained to us, is associated with total seclusion and perpetual prayer preparatory to death. The scapulary and other badges of this habit are covered with emblems of death. It is a living death, in fact, dear to fanatical Russians who are tired of this world. At present, Joseph, from having acquired the Greek language in his childhood, is a very useful member of the community, and superintends the laborers on the farm with surprising ability.

Joseph was very friendly and communicative. He told us much concerning the ways of Russian monks and their religious life: no monk can be bound till he is thirty, up to which age he remains a novice, and can embrace a secular life if he

wishes. No nun, except by special order from the Holy Synod, can be bound till she is fifty, and up to that age it is lawful for her to fall in love and marry. Though ready to tell us anything we asked him respecting monastic life, he was not to be drawn on the subject uppermost in our minds — namely, the reason why Russia had here constructed so vast and, apparently, objectless a building. So I looked for a convenient moment to steal away from our friends and make personal inspections.

The farmyard, with its tank in the centre, and shady garden, offered no objects of special interest, save the flocks of doves which hovered around, and drank at the edge of the tank. "Do you eat these?" said I innocently to Joseph, and, by the look of blank dismay on his countenance, I saw that I had put my foot into it. "We never eat meat," he replied drily; and later on he took occasion to tell me that the Russians look upon doves as sacred birds — emblems of the Holy Spirit. I, in my ignorance, had confused them with pigeons, and had secretly hoped to meet some of them in a pie.

Under the eaves of the great building flitted hundreds of swallows, also sacred birds in Russian eyes; birds which, the legend tells us, paid respect to our Lord when on the cross, whereas the wicked sparrows urged on the executioners to tortures by their chirping, and as a punishment, say they, the sparrows' legs are still bound, so that they must hop forever till the day of doom. Swallows are consequently always welcomed and allowed to build their nests where they will; whereas sparrows are looked upon as a prestige of ill-luck. Joseph was not to be shaken off hurriedly. He must take us over the property, he said; and, meekly following in his train, we visited various gardens which promised an abundant crop of fruit; and it was not till the hour of vespers drew nigh that I could steal away and make my observations unmolested.

Just behind the great building the ground rapidly rises, and a few minutes' climb brought me to a point of vantage whence I could view the whole basin of Leftherai. I met a Wallachian peasant on my way, and, on asking him whither the path led on which I was walking, he pointed over a spur of Pangæus, and said, "To the plain of Philippi." This at once raised to my mind a long train of thought, and, the better to aid contemplation, I sat down on a rock on the hillside. As I looked upon the pleasant scene of thriving

prosperity before me, I recollected how a friend at Salonica had told me, *à propos* of the Russian monastery on the Holy Mountain, that, in his opinion, that magnificent establishment was obviously a government affair, and was subsidized by the Russian government; that their object is to acquire predominance over the whole of the Athos peninsula, so that it may become a vast and impregnable fortress for them in the Ægean Sea, religious sentiments forming a wholesome basis of operations. The Russian monastery on Athos is certainly a glorious establishment; there you see activity in every branch of life, pilgrims without end, and a whole colony of artisans, forming a marked contrast to the sleepy, half-dead sort of life led amongst the Greek monks of the other monasteries, whose jealousy of their Russian brethren is intense. By disregarding the original treaty by which they gained a footing on the Holy Mountain, the Russians have increased their numbers with great rapidity during late years, and have possessed themselves of certain small monasteries of the extreme ascetic order called *Skete* and *Kellia*, which they had no right to do. The Georgians in the Iberian monastery of course aid and abet their Russian masters in every way possible, and, by offering large sums for coveted spots, the Russians hope soon to overcome the scruples of their avaricious neighbors the Greeks; but as affairs at present stand the Greek monasteries have entered into a compact not to sell any more land to Russia, and so far the compact has been kept, for they are now properly alarmed and dread much the preponderance of Russia, and the eventual conversion of the sacred promontory with a religious body depending no longer on the patriarch of Constantinople, but on the Archbishop of Moscow. On turning to Curzon's "Monasteries of the Levant," we find that in 1837 he encountered no Russians during his visit to Mount Athos. Now there are upwards of sixteen hundred lay and clerical Russian subjects constantly living there, not to speak of shiploads of pilgrims who constantly visit the sacred shrines in Russian ships.

Here at Leftherai what have we but a development of the same plan? A fortress ready for the reception of soldiers in a hidden valley, communicating by a path with the far-famed plain of Philippi, the battle-field of ancient days, and a possible battle-field in the future, when a strong Russian force, landed at Leftherai Cove, and bivouacked at the monastery,

would always be at hand to surprise an enemy on the plain, with its road leading through the mountains left and right, westwards to Salonica, and eastwards to Constantinople, the old Via Egnatia of Roman days, the great highroad to and from the East during the best days of imperial Rome? Whatever those who laugh at Russophobia may say, the fact remains the same, a gigantic, untenanted building has been erected on a spot highly favorable for strategical purposes on a fertile stretch of property belonging to Russia, and left in the charge of a handful of monks. I confess that as I sat on the rock and contemplated the tongue-shaped promontory which stretched before me, with its excellent road winding up a fertile valley, it appeared to me that there was no other construction to put upon the facts. The shrill-sounding wooden gong, called the *semandron*, just then sounded for complines, and, mindful of the fact that the inhabitants about here do not bear the best of characters, I hurried home.

We questioned Joseph concerning their hours and the routine of life as pursued by a good Russian monk, and he gave me a programme which I think will astonish our more easy-going divines of the West. At eight in the evening they go to bed to obtain four hours' rest before the midnight service, which on ordinary days lasts for five hours, but on festival days is extended to ten. At five they rest for an hour before terce and sext, which with a liturgy lasts till eight, but on festival days there is no rest, and the service is prolonged till ten. Three hours are now devoted to feeding and repose, until nones and vespers, which occupy them till five, the hour for supper, and from six to half past seven they recite complines, and this closes the weary category of devotions. "We are not like our brethren on Mount Athos," concluded Joseph; "we are working monks, and the presence of some of us is always required in the fields; but when I take the great angelical habit," he added, "I shall do all this and more besides." Such is the religious enthusiasm of a Russian monk, perhaps the most ascetic class of monks in Christendom, whose only object in life appears to be to have health and strength to enable them to get through prayers and penances innumerable, so as to leave no doubt in their minds as to the blissful repose which will be secured to them throughout all eternity. The church at Leftherai is but a room with *misereres* around it, and crutches on which to rest during the weary hours of devotion. The

walls are covered with common blue paper and clad with the hideously grotesque pictures of saints, martyrs, and devils, which appear best calculated to inspire the Slavonic mind with pious thoughts, and a few miracle-working icons, "nothing to what they have at Athos," said Joseph, "yet this one is good," as he kissed it fervently, "and so is that," as he applied his lips to another. These icons, or sacred pictures, are "not made with hands," in accordance with the teaching of the Russian Church, but, mysteriously found up a tree or in a well, they form the basis of the religion of the Eastern Church. When such a picture is reported to have been found, hundreds flock to worship it, miracles are said to be wrought by it, and the proceedings are officially reported to the most Holy Synod, which august body, knowing that much gain will accrue to the Church from the gifts of the faithful, license them, so to speak, as miracle working, a feast day is appointed, a church is built, and the concern is floated. Such are the miraculous icons; then there are the simple icons, most of them made at the icon-making village of Vladimir, which are used for private devotion and hung up in houses before the ever-burning lamp. Let those who seek for a union between the Anglican and Orthodox Churches just read a paragraph out of the service appointed to be read on a day which they designate as "Orthodox Sunday;" it runs as follows:

"Let those be accursed who cast reproaches on the holy images (icons) which the Holy Church receiveth in remembrance of the works of God and his saints, to inspire the beholders with piety and to incite them to imitate their example."

This paragraph forms a portion of the service which is read in church; and yet there are those who hope for a union of this Church with ours!

I have said that there are only fifteen monks at Leftherai, but besides these, there is another individual who dwells within the sacred precincts, and, strange to say, this individual is a huge, fat nun, Eugenia by name, whose history is almost as extraordinary as the fact of her presence amongst a lot of monks. She and her husband, a wealthy, childless couple, came from Russia to these parts about twelve years ago in order that the husband might visit and worship at the Holy Mountain. Eugenia, of course, could not go to a spot from which all female creation is banished, so she was content to remain amongst the brethren at Leftherai until her husband's return; but he never did

return. So captivated was he by the pious and peaceful life on the sacred promontory that he elected to stay there for the remainder of his days, and left his good spouse and the world behind him. Eugenia thereupon decided, like Martha, the mother of the Czar Michel, who took the veil when her husband became a monk, to remain at Leftherai, and to take upon herself the vows. She built herself a cottage close to the porch; she gets her meals from the common room, and, in her black dress, with brass girdle, she toils like a servant on the farm. We sat and watched her with great interest tending her geese, and, fat though she is, appearing quite the busiest person in the place, scolding right and left, and superintending the wives of the Wallachian peasants in the work; and it occurred to us that perhaps the departed husband had been wise in his generation, and had chosen Mount Athos as the one shrine which opens its arms and offers protection to henpecked husbands. The absence of the rigorous exclusion of females is most marked at Leftherai; cocks and hens, sheep and cattle, peasant women and their infants all swarm around; sights which are considered wrong for monks on Mount Athos to behold are common here. There is some idea, I believe, connected with Lot's wife in the exclusion of the female race from Mount Athos. Lady Strangford went on one occasion with the admiral of a Turkish ship, and the monks expected her to become a pillar of salt, but somehow or another she didn't, and yet the rigor of their rule has not been relaxed.

Our hosts of Leftherai treated us right nobly to the best they had; out came a monk with a gun in hand, and spread wild confusion in the farmyard by wounding a cock with this weapon, which was caught after some difficulty and converted into our evening meal. As we ate, Joseph sat by and took a glass of wine, but no food, and led the conversation as much as he could into a religious channel. He is particularly strong on the subject of miracles, being, as he constantly asserted, a living proof of the curative powers of the icons of Mount Athos. "You don't believe me," he said, as we showed signs of scepticism. "Well, then, I will convince you; on your return to Cavalla, go and look at a little Turkish mosque down by the shore. In the crescent at the top of the minaret you will see a tiny cross, and the reason why this cross was put there is as follows: This mosque, after the Turkish conquest, was built on the site of an

early Christian church erected on the spot where St. Paul landed. Time after time the mosque fell down, until the Turks hit on the expedient of putting a cross inside the crescent on the minaret." And sure enough on our return to Cavalla we found it even as Joseph had said, and that the legend is vouched for as authentic by all the Greek priests in the town. After all, there is nothing so very strange in this as might at first appear. A series of earthquakes may have wrought the several destructions of the mosque, and the Turks are so intensely superstitious that they do not scruple to make use of Christianity in hope that they may derive benefit from so doing. I myself have seen crowds of sickly Turks frequenting Christian feasts at healing streams and miracle-working pictures. At Tenos, the great centre of modern Greek miracle-worship, there is a well with a Turkish inscription upon it, which relates how a Mahomedan was cured of a disease by the miraculous intervention of the Madonna of Tenos on the occasion of his worshipping before her sacred picture, and that out of gratitude to her he erected the well in question.

We reposed in clean beds in the large guest-room in the empty building, beneath many pictures of devils of varied shapes and hideous appearance sufficient to produce dreams of the most awful nature, the result being that a vivid dream appeared to one of us, which pictured two Russian field-marsals in our two beds, three generals at rest on the divan, and the floor paved with colonels and majors without end.

A little-known and curious episode in Russian history which took place just a century ago appears to be a fitting conclusion to these remarks on the monastery at Leftherai. The Eastern question was in pretty much the same condition then as it is now — why in this age of centenaries has no one suggested the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of this vexed question? In those days Catharine II. of Russia was at war with Turkey, and had as keen an eye on Constantinople as the Russians of to-day. She sent her general, Alexis Orloff, a sort of prototype of Kaulbars, and other agitators, into the Peloponnese to promote sedition amongst the Greeks; they distributed sacred pictures broadcast, they preached the unity of the Greek and Russian Church, and raked up an old tradition that the Turkish Empire would be destroyed by a fair race, and to Orloff's standard flocked numerous malcontents; but when the Greeks thor-

oughly recognized that the Russian object was not so much to gain their independence as to compromise them with the Turks, they returned home again without doing anything, and Orloff left the Morea in pursuit of the Turkish fleet, which he destroyed off Chesmeh, on the coast of Asia Minor, and gained for himself the name of Chesmenski.

Being now practically master of the Ægean Sea, Orloff set on foot a scheme which, had it been successful, would probably have settled the Eastern question in Russia's favor long ago. He seized all the Cyclades, which, with their wealth in harborage and their command over the seas north of Crete, were in those days the key to the Bosphorus. During this occupation of the Cyclades, which lasted for a few years, Orloff made good use of his time; the centre of government was established on the Island of Mykonos, which has an excellent harbor, and is almost equidistant between Europe and Asia. The traveller to-day who visits this island on his way to inspect the ruins of the adjacent Delos is surprised to find a mean fishing village in possession of a huge square government building out of all proportion to the requirements of the place. The inhabitants have found this palatial building excessively useful; it has saved them from having to build a courthouse for their demarch, a school, and a museum for the treasures from Delos, and yet it is too large, with dank, half-ruined passages leading into untenanted rooms, which once were occupied by Russian government officials under the command of Orloff.

This building at Mykonos, as it stands to-day, is nought but a monument of the failure of one of Russia's schemes for aggrandizement in those days. Austria and Prussia combined to check the ambition of their dangerous neighbor. The Russian monasteries on Mount Athos and at Leftherai are proof that the same policy is at work still; it remains to be proved whether any modern combination of powers will be strong enough to render them equally futile. J. THEODORE BENT.

From The London Quarterly Review.
STOWEY AND COLERIDGE.*

DURING the years made memorable in European history by the outbursting of the

* Thomas Poole and his Friends. By Mrs. Henry Sandford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

great French Revolution, there was to be found in and near Nether Stowey, a little Somersetshire town buried among the lovely Quantock Hills, a group of middle-class people, members of a family called Poole, who were greatly given to journalizing and letter-writing, and to the careful preserving of journals and correspondence — no uncommon practice in those leisurely old days of the heavy postage. These diarists and correspondents were brought into connection with a more famous coterie — with Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, and several of their chosen intimates — and therefore it has been thought worth while to publish many extracts from the unpretending archives of the Pooles in the two agreeable little volumes styled by their author, Mrs. Sandford, "Thomas Poole and his Friends." The result is something more than an interesting chapter of literary history; it is also, quite incidentally, a charming picture of English provincial life under the two last Georges — a picture very much in the manner of Jane Austen, Thomas Poole's contemporary, having just the same soft coloring, the same lightly hinted details, almost the same humor. It is Miss Austen's England, too, that is set before us — yet with a difference — rural England, as it was seventy years ago, kindly, bigoted, hospitable, and intolerant, shaken by an obscure consciousness of national awakening, and agitated by large impersonal interests that have no place in the purely domestic drama of "Mansfield Park" and "Pride and Prejudice." For the scene is laid, not in the "elegant modern mansion" of some county magnate, but in a homely little town, half trading, half agricultural; the chief interest centres in the "commonplace comfortable brown house" of a thriving tanner; tanyards and a strictly useful garden adjoining instead of carefully planned parterre and park; and the personages are chiefly tradesmen and yeomen, members in fact of that great middle class, so often reproached for sordid materialistic tendencies, which has yet given the earliest response of faith and sympathy to every valuable new movement, outstripping in the moral and intellectual race the country gentry, its social superiors.

Two very opposite middle-class types are set before us in the two Thomas Pooles, father and son, of whom the elder is altogether after the fashion of the antique world. There is something quaintly incongruous between the background of those Quantock Hills beloved of poets, and

the solid figure that we first see painted against it — Thomas Poole the elder; the proudly honest, narrow-thoughted man of business, head of the great tannery which he and his brother have inherited from their father, and which *his* eldest-born son of course will carry on. Nothing can persuade old Poole into the keeping of accounts. Does he not pay his way as he goes? Are not the pits full, and is there not "money in the stocking"? He will not believe that the perfectest book-keeping could improve a business conducted on such sound principles. This obstinate old John Bull scorns modern ways, and sneers down every effort of the younger Thomas to cultivate himself. What has an honest English tanner to do with Greek and Latin, poetry and French? Let Tom leave such rubbish to his brother Richard, who is to be a doctor, and must learn the dead languages; more's the pity. But Tom Poole is quite as obstinate as his father; and, upheld by the sympathy of mother and brother, he follows the tabooed pursuits with such dogged tenacity that it is he, and not his highly educated brother — not his cousin John, the fellow of Oriel — who comes before us as the congenial associate and helpful friend of Coleridge.

This Tom Poole, eager and inquiring and adventurous, "hungry for ideas" and for usefulness, represents for us the progressive element in that vanished society. He has drunk in deeply of the new ideas that are shaking Europe. Coming back from London, where important trade interests have taken him, he scandalizes Stowey by walking its streets with unpowdered hair, cut short, in classic fashion — an act that stamps him as a revolutionary; no loyal subject was then seen in such guise. He admires and talks Rousseau; he is credited with "wild notions of liberty and equality;" he really does think highly of the dignity of labor, and brings to the developing and perfecting of the tannery business a romantic enthusiasm which impels him to mingle among the common workmen of his craft as one of themselves, disguised under a feigned name and a working tanner's habit, in some great tanyard at a safe distance from Stowey, that, as a master, he may be able to help them and work with them more intelligently.

In later years, when, his father being dead, he had full control of the business, and had realized his own ideal of a noble tradesman and a useful citizen, Stowey understood his value, appreciated his ag-

gressive benevolence, and scented no danger in his Book Society, his Benefit Club, his Female Friendly Society, and other such enterprises, far in advance of the times, by which he tried to promote education, develop thrift, and check pauperism. But in his ardent youth he seems to have been regarded with the oddest mixture of respect and suspicion. Stowey was not progressive; how should it be? Compared to it, Bridgewater was in the full stream of the world; and we are shown the Bridgewater of that day all astir on the market-day with excitement because the mail-coach has driven in, garlanded and glorious with laurels in token that there is news of a victory; and, presently, the *one* inhabitant of the town who takes a newspaper, is seen exalted on a barrel that he may read out aloud to the applauding crowd the details of the battle of the Nile. Little, secluded Stowey has not even such privileges; it stands, therefore, fast on the old ways; it still keeps up the savage custom of "throwing at cocks" on Shrove Tuesday; it has a gutter running merrily down the middle of its chief street. Very naturally it is also ultra-loyal, rampant in its devotion to Church and king, quite ready to burn in effigy offensive demagogues such as Tom Paine, to stop the circulation of doubtful books by tearing them piecemeal, and to testify to its sound principles by oath-takings in the market-place. And it cannot comprehend how a pious Churchman and true subject, such as Tom Poole appeared to be, can "palliate the enormities of French demagogues" by alleging them to be merely the fruits of by-past oppressions on the part of French monarchs.

This sort of resentful perplexity as to Tom Poole and his supposed "democratic sentiments" is shared to the full by his cousins, the Pooles of Marshmill, who yet exemplify the best kind of English life that was then lived, refined and simple and kindly. Nothing can be prettier than the glimpses we get of sweet homely family doings in the "plain but pleasant house of Marshmill" at Over Stowey. Of the father, too soon snatched away, the man of "incomparable sense and extensive information," we see but little; the mother, a quiet, matronly figure, is just visible to us, compounding, at Tom Poole's desire, a cheap bread for the hunger-bitten poor, of wheat, barley, bean, and potato flour; three of the seven sons and daughters stand out vividly enough: John Poole, the pride of the family, the successful Oxonian and future clergyman, serious and

stately, with powdered locks and exact attire, a temperate, conscientious reformer of abuses, a lover of the classics and of botany, diarizing in Latin, and ruling family opinion—are not his own the correctest of opinions? To his sisters, at least, he is the model man—a victorious young hero, sober and modest amid the blaze of university triumphs. Next in importance for us is Charlotte, the lively diarist, the keen-eyed young paintress of men and manners; but the family romance centres in the lovely, dark-eyed songstress, Penelope, whose sweet rich notes in the grand airs of Handel thrill Tom Poole's very heart—sweet little Lady Disdain, for whose sake Cousin Tom will live and die a bachelor—whom we see stiffly refusing to sing for him and his friends, Coleridge and Wordsworth, "Come, ever-smiling Liberty," because "she knew what they meant with *their* liberty." These Marshmill girls, excellent practical housewives of the good old English sort, add to that accomplishment quite unusual intelligence and cultivation; advantages which they fondly ascribe to the influence of the wives of the Stowey vicars, women, it would seem, of rare distinction and refinement, who proved a real "civilizing element" in remote, obscure Stowey.

Marshmill vehemently objected to Tom Poole's "politicks," as both Charlotte and John inform us; yet for a long time it was a dear second home to him; and we catch a sight sometimes of the pleasantest teadrinkings in its unpretending parlors, when Tom has come in to read Cicero and Horace under John's tuition, or has brought some new delightful friend to brighten the evening's conversation and admire Penelope's singing; there is unconscious humor too in Charlotte's notes of those talks on "French politicks" which the heretical Tom *would* introduce—a subject so interesting that nobody could discuss it with temper—not even Mr. Lewis, the curate of Over Stowey, who would be at daggers drawn with Tom.

Some other figures moving in that cheerful, easy-going country society are lightly painted in for us, heightening the old-world air of the picture. The dignified vicar of Stowey, a canon of Windsor, is only dimly perceptible as a majestically condescending clerical presence, appealed to by Tom Poole in deferential letters and rounded Johnsonian periods about the newly commenced Sunday-school, or the "bassoon and music" needed for the church choir—strange suggestions of a wind-and-string band solemnly performing

divine service are called up. There is a characteristic foreign element too; there are the Coulsons, American loyalists, who have shaken off their feet the dust of rebellious Massachusetts, choosing to live and die under the rule of good King George at Bristol; there is their beautiful daughter, Mrs. Marchant — object to some of sentimental adoration, to others of respectful pity, since her unsympathizing husband somehow remains among the disloyal colonists; there is also their equally beautiful niece, Mrs. Darby, from whom or from her cousin — tradition is not certain — Tom Poole has derived his "sacred treasure," a lock of Washington's hair, kept casketed like a precious jewel, so that one at least of the lovely strangers must have been as unsound on "politicks" as he was.

Equally significant is the presence of some French exiles, fled from the September massacres to England, where, finding themselves penniless, they gladly give French lessons to the pitying "lesser gentry" of Stowey. One of these foreigners, the courtly Abbé Barbey, is soon a favorite with all the principal families, and his harmless, pathetic presence softens quite surprisingly their Tory and Protestant aversion for all his co-religionists — a change of feeling wrought everywhere in England by the advent of the proscribed French clergy, now evidently the oppressed, the oppressors no longer. But pity for these poor priests only heightened the loathing inspired by the "enormities" of French republicans. We find the Marshmill Pooles presently "chilled with horror" by the execution of Louis XVI., and using "democrat" as a kind of synonym for "criminal."

It went ill at Marshmill with the "Democratick" cousin Tom in those days, and not very well in Stowey. He grew gloomy amid the suspicion that involved him, extending even to his management of the Book Society, which in those dark days, that knew not Mudie, was a precious "civilizing element" in Stowey, almost equal to the vicarage. John Poole keeps a sharp lookout on Tom's book-lists, lest pernicious works creep in. Was not Mary Wolstonecraft's "Rights of Women" ominously conspicuous in the very first list?

But now a new figure appears — a helpfully, a source of perennial delightful interest for the ill-judged Tom — Coleridge comes on the scene; and the narrow rustic stage expands, the graceful prose-comedy transforms itself into a grand, heart-moving drama, Shakespearean in its

mingling of wild humor and infinite sadness. It is not the too well-known Coleridge of later years — disappointed and disappointing, the slave of a vile habit, the wreck and phantom of greatness — it is not this melancholy figure that most impresses us, as we study his voluminous correspondence with Tom Poole, whom he fascinated at first sight and who loved him always; it is the less familiar youthful Coleridge in all the glowing promise of his dawn, full of high thought, and hope, and keen, healthy interest in human progress; who, dreamy and unpractical himself, has the most surprising power of awakening in others "that sense of responsibility to God and brotherhood with man which is the master-impulse of activity and service," from whose inspired utterances the enchanted listener drank in "fresh hope and fresh energy." To the depressed and discouraged Tom Poole, the result of this stimulating contact with a sovereign genius was increased happiness, increased vigor, and renewed confidence in himself and in his purposes, since these commanded the ardent approval of his wonderful friend. There is real value and some novelty in Mrs. Sandford's comment on the title of "The Bard," bestowed on Coleridge by his Stowey friends, that his was indeed the antique bardic nature, not that of the modern man of letters. The pen was never a congenial instrument to him. He only used it easily in those extravagantly long letters which are mere written monologue, utterly unmethodical, conveying "the impressions of the moment with the most prodigal waste of material." Like an ancient bard, he composed his poems without recourse to the scribe's tools, and many a time would chant them to admiring listeners before he could bring himself to the drudgery of transcription. Printers' ink and printers' devils frightened his inspiration away by their dire aspect.

"A gifted and inspired nature, with an inborn power of awakening responsive chords in the hearts of those whom he addressed, pouring himself forth in winged words — his true position would have been the position of a philosopher of old, *speaking* by word of mouth to a group of trained disciples."

And some of "his unsuccess" may have been "due to the want of correspondence of the bardic nature with the conditions of modern life." But the records before us show a more efficient cause, in that fatal infirmity of character, that more than womanly impulsiveness and excita-

bility, which even then were patent to every eye. In those fresh and glorious morning hours these defects, however, were not without their charm, adding a human loveliness to the fascination of his intellectual grandeur, especially for the clear-headed, resolute Tom Poole. The bond between the two has an odd resemblance to that between an unreasonable, delightful wife and a firm, tender husband, whose affection is heightened by compassion.

"The little rift within the lute" was always there, and is plainly revealed in the very earliest records of Coleridge's visit to Stowey. Charlotte Poole's epigrammatic pen shows true insight, however unfriendly, when she writes him down as a young man "of brilliant understanding and great eloquence, *entirely led away by the feeling of the moment.*" To that defect all the evil of his life can be traced. It appears in trivial fashion on his very first appearance in Stowey, when in company with Southey he came seeking Tom Poole's support for his "dazzling impracticable scheme" of Pantisocracy. The day was the 18th of August, 1795, and every true subject and Jacobin-hater in Stowey was rejoicing over the fall of Robespierre. The two strangers from Bristol, heedless of their own interest, which was surely to conciliate, not to offend, must needs out of mere boyish mischief identify themselves with the defeated Terrorists, describe Maximilian Robespierre as "a ministering angel of mercy," and deplore him as a murdered saviour of society—all for the dear delight of horrifying John Poole and other serious and literal-minded persons—the philosophic visionary Coleridge enjoying the speechless disgust of his hearers no less than did the undergraduate Southey, with his schoolboy love of mad fun. Stowey never could be quite disabused of that day's mystification, and continued long to regard the humane and spiritual Coleridge as a bloodthirsty atheist and Jacobin—to his much discomfort. A likeness has often been traced between the irresolute, reflective Hamlet of the drama and the deep-thinking, irresolute Coleridge of real life. Mrs. Sandford has indicated yet another point of resemblance, vividly illustrated in these records—the love of grotesque jokes, the *elvis* pleasure in shocking and scandalizing, not only by freaks like that just recorded, but by "seemingly incongruous outbreaks of irrelevant and superficial coarseness." Coleridge often, in true Hamlet fashion,

jars on the sensitive taste by "unsavory metaphor, outrageous pun, or over-homely simile," peculiarly ill-fitting on the lips of a man of "deep refinement of nature, whose spirit is most at home on the rarest intellectual heights." The singularity is very probably in both cases a symptom of some latent moral infirmity or incapacity, such as the fictitious and the real character alike exemplify in action; and the coincidence may well be accepted as another proof of the deep-divining insight of our mighty dramatist. It is special to Coleridge, however, that only when he is happy and at ease does he indulge in these uncouth gambols; they occur oftenest in the cheerful Stowey period of almost cloudless activity and gladness.

The headlong impulsiveness, fatal twin in Coleridge as in others of procrastinating impotency for well-considered work, never showed itself more disastrously than in his marriage, noble in motive but deplorable in result, since owing to its imprudence "all the voyage of his life was bound in shallows and in miseries." On this event, also, we have some new light. A Stowey tradition asserts that it was precipitated by the malicious gossip which was fastening on the two pretty Bristol girls, Sara and Edith Fricker, because of their open unconventional companionship with young university men so strangely reported of as Coleridge and Southey.

The two poets, resolute to shield their fair innocent friends at all hazards, rushed at once into matrimony. Neither had the means to maintain a wife. Therefore, Southey parted from his Edith at the church door, carefully providing for her comfort until he could prudently claim her; but the impetuous Coleridge carried off his bride to the true poetic "love in a cottage" at Clevedon, where they were thoughtlessly happy till, their slender purse being empty, they sought the shelter of Sara's maternal home. There we find poor Coleridge, to whom the free, unfettered play of his mental faculties was now all-important, since on it depended Sara's bread and his own, half paralyzed and suffocated "in this family of the narrowest means and the lower middle class, amid the continual jar of the commonplace, the sordid limitations, the little anxieties" so alien and distracting to him whose "native region of thought was, as it were, the mountain air of the soul." There is truth and probability in this picture of Mrs. Sandford's. Inevitably, under the mosquito-stings of these daily

irritations, added to the constant strain of anxiety, the fluctuations of extravagant hope and heart-sickening disappointment that marked his uneasy literary career, the exceptionally sensitive nervous system broke down. Neuralgia, "giant fiend of a hundred hands," attacked him. "With a shower of arrowy death-pangs he transpierced me, and then became a wolf, and lay gnawing my bones; I have suffered more bodily pain than I had any conception of," wrote the poor victim. Anything for relief, was the imperious cry of his tortured nerves; and obedient as ever to the "feeling of the moment," Coleridge "sopped the Cerberus" with laudanum, not once, but often, rejoicing in the "ease and spirits" resulting. It is his first recorded use of the fatal drug, long prior to the supposed date of his enslavement by it. His doom is already on him, and can be guessed in the evidences that soon follow of a great exaggeration in his natural excitability.

A certain letter, now first published, and extraordinary both as to its length and its character, justifies Mrs. Sandford's remark that

the vivid picture, undesignedly given here, of a man of genius endowed with high and singular gifts, and intended to be a leader of national thought, face to face with the narrowest penury, while inexperienced as a child in the ordinary concerns of life, may go some way to explain, if it cannot excuse, the inconsistencies and shortcomings which wrecked his later career.

It was written on a really trivial occasion, yet had life and death issues been involved it could not have been more vehement; Coleridge fancied that a matter equally important was at stake. With his Sara he had often been a cherished guest in Tom Poole's Stowey home, and had looked wistfully at his friend's well-ordered, useful life, longing to emulate it. It realized his own dearest ideal—a life in which contemplation, reading, study, or meditation—should rest on a basis of *manual* industry. "To sell the highest intellectual gifts for bread was repugnant to him," even if there were the ready market which he never found.

There was in Stowey, he ascertained, a little inconvenient cottage that he could have for a £7 rent; it had attached an acre and a half of garden ground, easily accessible from Tom Poole's own domain. Coleridge proposed to settle himself with his wife, his infant child, and Charles Lloyd, his friendly pupil, in this tiny dwelling; they would keep no servant; and,

aided by the instructions of Mr. Poole, himself a successful farmer, the poet would "raise with his own hands vegetables and grain enough" to feed his family, and a pig or two into the bargain. His evenings he would devote to literature. "I would rather be an expert, self-maintaining gardener than a Milton," he wrote, but he hoped to "unite both," and escape the misery of "leaning all the weight of his necessities on the press."

On the gay, exalted mood in which he was expecting shortly to realize this scheme, a too-prudent letter from Tom Poole, suggesting another place of residence as advisable, fell like ice. Coleridge repaid the unwelcome counsel with a flood of reproach, entreaty, indignation, and anxious pathetic reiteration of arguments and figures.

What was he to do if Poole failed him, was unwilling to train him into a practical horticulturist? Was he to keep a school, write for a newspaper? Hard was the heart that would advise it! Office in State or Church, even among Dissenters, was forbidden by his conscience. Was he to rely on literature alone? Miserable alternative!

"Ghosts indeed! I should be haunted by ghosts enough! Ghosts of Otway and Chatterton, and phantasms of a wife broken-hearted and of a hunger-bitten baby! Oh, Thomas Poole! Thomas Poole! if you did but know what a father and a husband must feel, who toils with his brain for uncertain bread!" "The goodness, power, and wisdom of God" are pledged to reward the useful toil of the husbandman; but what has the author for his harvest? "Printers' bills, and the debtors' side of Newgate."

No extracts can do more than imperfect justice to the impassioned, half-insane eloquence of this, surely the longest and most astonishing letter ever written. It had its natural effect on the manly, tender heart of Thomas Poole, who after all was too well pleased to have his wonderful, inspiring friend settled at his own door, and the scheme was carried out, though by no means with the result Coleridge had so confidently expected. There was not in him the stuff to make either farmer or gardener of, and doubtless Tom Poole knew it from the first. But the life in the "miserable cottage," the "hovel," as in later years Coleridge and Sara called it, has a quite ideal charm upon it in spite of outward discomfort. Poole's garden, Poole's "jasmine arbor," Poole's large, well-supplied book-room, were havens of

peaceful refuge to the poet; the pressing needs of the Coleridges were met by delicate generous aid from various friends, among whom first Thomas Poole and afterwards the Wedgwood brothers were most conspicuous, so that care relaxed its grasp from this household of simplest wants and ways. With the advent of Wordsworth and his sister, and their settlement in Alfoxden House, the ideal brotherhood of Coleridge's fanciful Pantisocracy seemed almost realized. One year of happy intercourse and glad active productiveness ensued, while the friends wandered among the oaken glades and airy heights of Quantock, where the "Lyrical Ballads" were planned and produced. It was the happiest season of Coleridge's life, the blossoming time of his poetic genius. Afterwards came dispersion and change, and, for Coleridge, the saddest, slow degeneration. We will not now dwell on those later days, whether bright or dark; our chief care having been to bring into relief what in this last contribution to Coleridge's story is least familiar and most suggestive, not what is already well known, and only freshly illustrated or more clearly defined.

"People of genius," said Tom Poole very truly, "should imperiously command themselves to think *without* genius of the common concerns of life;" it was Coleridge's misfortune that he could not do this, and would always invest those common concerns with rich, imaginative colors of glory or of gloom, entirely delusive. "Good sense, a quality distinct from genius," had to be supplied for him by his friends; and by no one was it so liberally or so cheerfully supplied as by Thomas Poole himself, who, for many years, proved himself "an anchor" to the poet-soul that was so ready to drift whithersoever the winds and waves would carry it. There came a day when at last the cable snapped, and the stately ship that was built for such high enterprise drifted away indeed into the quicksands of shame and failure, its weak, incompetent pilot letting go the helm in despair. But the old friendship survived even that disastrous disappointment, survived silence and apparent forgetfulness. At the end of life, we find the much-respected, successful, philanthropic "Justice Poole" unable to tolerate one slight on Coleridge's memory, and tenderly guarding the fame of the genius whom he never ceased to revere. The man who was so much and so long loved had, after all, a true title to that love; and we who knew him not, who

never suffered by his errors, must learn to grant his own prayer for "forgiveness."

From Temple Bar.

CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

CHARLES WHITEHEAD was in many respects a remarkable man. He wrote a story of English life in the eighteenth century of which it were hardly rash to say that in certain of its episodes, hereafter to be mentioned, it is as vivid and real as Fielding, however it may fall short of the work of the father of our fiction in higher and rarer qualities than impressiveness and fidelity. He wrote lyric poetry which is, sometimes as impassioned as Byron, if it is elsewhere even more unequal. He wrote one sonnet which is as chaste as Dante, and several companion sonnets which are as worthless as the average modern imitation of the Italian master. He wrote a tragedy which was compared to Massinger in the combined ease, variety, and strength of its blank verse dialogue. He was a friend of Dickens, an associate of Douglas Jerrold, an acquaintance of Bulwer Lytton; he was for years the life and soul of the famous Shakespeare club known as the Mulberry; and he died from the effects of destitution in the public hospital at Melbourne.

It is not a part of our purpose to tell in detail the story of a life which forms the first chapter of Mr. Mackenzie Bell's interesting volume.* That story is perhaps as sad a one as any of which our literature contains the record, and we have, unhappily, no paucity of sad records. The genial biographer does not go beyond the truth when he says that not Otway's case, or Chatterton's, or Burns's, or Sheridan's, is a case of neglect of genius more complete than that of Whitehead. If we have any doubt of the position taken up by Mr. Bell in this regard it is, perhaps, that he has not told himself frankly to what causes the neglect from which his subject suffered must have been due. Those causes were probably complex and peculiar, and the personal habits and environments of the unhappy man himself may not have been the chief among them. When we think of the widely different fortune of Whitehead's early friend, Dickens, we think we perceive that there is no other author of recent years from whom White-

* A Forgotten Genius, by H. T. Mackenzie Bell. Stock.

head's strengths and weaknesses as a writer, and his frailties and fate as a man, may derive so much of the illustration that sometimes comes by contrast. It is, all things considered, to Dickens that Mr. Mackenzie Bell's "Forgotten Genius" bears the closest affinity.

Whitehead was born in London in 1804. His father was a wine-merchant in easy circumstances, who lived to an advanced age and then died by an accident, leaving a considerable sum of money to his children. Charles appears to have been the eldest of three sons, one of whom died early and by drowning. The other developed a literary faculty and wrote for the magazines. There were also two sisters, and one of the two combined with a measure of literary ability a practical genius which the remaining members of her family appear to have lacked. There is an idea among Whitehead's few surviving friends that he was a Christ's Hospital boy, but this seems uncertain. It is less open to question that by up-bringing as well as by birth he was essentially a Londoner. Early in life he occupied the position of shipping-clerk in the commercial house of a member of Parliament, who is still remembered by a vulgar appellation which described his burly physical proportions and one of the peculiarities of his old-fashioned dress. At what period Whitehead began to turn his talents to literature seems not to be known. He was twenty-seven years of age when he published, through Mr. Effingham Wilson, a thin octavo volume containing a meditative poem entitled "The Solitary." Probably this was Whitehead's first acknowledged publication, his earlier efforts, if any, being no doubt of the nature of fugitive contributions to periodicals. It was natural that the maiden work of a poet should be poetry, for the first period of poetic activity always comes early; it was equally natural that it should be sad and even lugubrious in spirit, for the first impulse of the poetic nature at its birth is usually the same as the impulse of physical nature at a similar juncture, to give forth a cry. But the bardic instinct is as swift as the instinct of infancy to console itself with passing comforts, and Whitehead seems to have recovered from a despondency approaching despair with as much recuperative vitality as Byron or any other poet of his time, who began by sucking the eggs of melancholy. At thirty years of age he published two books of almost farcical character, one of which, however, contained a tragical episode of

the utmost seriousness of design in itself, and full of promise for the invention and dramatic grasp of the writer. Of these works the first to appear was a series of sketches of the lives and exploits of English highwaymen, pirates, and robbers.

The book is chiefly remarkable for the obvious zest with which the writer details the atrocities of the persons who stood to him for heroes, and for the curious and amusing error by which he includes Defoe's Colonel Jack in his list of actual personalities known to history. This was not, however, the only occasion on which the narratives of that most circumstantial of fabricators had been mistaken for fact. The other work alluded to as having gone out in the same year with the "Highwaymen" was entitled "An Autobiography of a Legal Functionary," and was a fictitious life of Jack Ketch. It is certainly open to question if the remaining traditions of the career of the hangman of the seventeenth century furnished the author with so much as the nucleus about which he evolved his veracious history. No more audacious revelling in the luxury of sheer ghastliness for its own sake, no more deliberate purpose of sacrificing every appearance of probability, and the design of developing an idea of a character supposed to be natural to the person described, can easily be accredited or conceived. Yet the cleverness of the work may atone for its audacity, and its humor for its gruesomeness. It would appear that at the time when these books were published, Whitehead had abandoned commerce for literature. Whatever the chances of the poem may have been, the success of the farcical stories must have been complete and satisfactory. Towards 1835 Whitehead seems to have been contributing pretty largely to current periodicals as well as editing a Library of Fiction. It was at this period, when already fairly launched in literature, at the height of his first manhood, and a fecund and facile writer whose work found acceptance though he had as yet but barely tapped his powers, that his intimacy with Dickens began.

Dickens was eight years Whitehead's junior, but it is probable that his literary career began as early. After a probationary course of journalism the novelist had put forth in the evening issues of the *Chronicle* those sketches of life and character which afterwards became famous as the "Sketches by Boz." He had contributed similar sketches to the *Monthly*, and Whitehead was also a *Monthly* writer.

It seems probable that there was an idea of Dickens doing something for the Library of Fiction which Whitehead edited. At least the two men came together under conditions of somewhat active relationship. Their professional interests, however, were not more alike than were the tastes and talent which as men and comrades they had in common. They were both cockney. They shared the love of the big world of London, which made Charles Lamb in the Strand weep at the sight of so much life. That teeming life of the great city, with its whims, its oddities, its mysteries, its pathos, its animatory spectacle in the noon of the day, its sentiment of awe in the heart of the night, came home to both of them. In the country they were as children. Whitehead certainly exhibits here and there in his poetry a love of external nature, but the dramatic fervor of his descriptive verse, the trick he has of painting the scenic universe only as an adjunct to the world of human passion, not as a thing of itself, still less as a diet to which the jaded soul may go for solace and cheer, shows clearly that it is as true of him as of Dickens that he was one to whom the voice of nature was not indeed silent, but who was deaf to its higher appeal. In the life of London they both revelled, and they had the same eyes for seeing it. Their outlook was similar; the outlook of two grown-up children whose education had never at any stage gone the length of unravelling a single problem of existence and to whom existence itself was one great riddle never to be solved, only to be given up in the end. They had the same scenic view of life. Men were coming and going, some gay, some sad, some wise, some foolish, some dignified, and some ridiculous, and he who looked out on the spectacle and never got close to it, never consciously descended into it and became a part of it, understood no more of it than its pageantry, its clothes and colors, and wondered what it all could mean. If there was a point of difference between Whitehead and Dickens in their attitude towards life, it was that Dickens was constantly challenging the Sphinx and imagining that he caught the whispers of the oracle, and that Whitehead was perpetually shutting his ears to the secrets that were one day to be no secrets, but open and terrible realities. Otherwise the friends were men of one temperament, with this unfailing bond of friendship between them, that they laughed and went on the same way.

And both were poets, each in his own fashion. Their poetic impulse was lyrical. Dickens put his personality into his prose, and through the medium of subjective creations he spoke out of his own heart, and it was the heart of one who saw everything through an atmosphere that transfigured it while leaving it vague and dreamy. Whitehead had a mastery of the natural vehicle for his poetic mood, but it was not in his verse alone that he was a poet. He, too, put his personality into his prose and through the medium of subjective creations, as true to him as Copperfield to Dickens—he, also, spoke out of his own heart. With so many and such various tastes and talents in common, it can hardly be a matter for surprise that these young authors should have written in kindred veins. If the "Sketches by Boz" and some of the sketches entitled "Smiles and Tears" were equally unknown to the reader, it would be an amusing experimental test of the affinity which we say subsists between the authors, to furnish representative passages promiscuously from those works and ask for their ascriptions. But the natural kinship of temperament which existed between Dickens and Whitehead must have been largely augmented by intercourse. There is a tradition that they used to go about London together at night to visit the slums, in which they hoped to pick up hints of character. Dickens was twenty-two at this time, and Whitehead was thirty, but the disparity in age was inconsiderable.

It could hardly have counted for much if the respective attainments of the two men had been the great factor to unite or divide them. But where attainments were not of so much moment as simple gifts of observation and description, the eight years between them were as nothing. It would have made demand of more penetration than most of us possess to say at this period which of these men was the more likely to attain to permanent distinction. Both were in the hey-day of youth and spirits. Dickens had emerged from the drudgery of a journalistic career. We get a peep of him in the "Old Man's Diary" of the late John Payne Collier, who strolled with him one day about this time through Hungerford Market. "I know Hungerford Market well," said Dickens with a dig of emphasis on the name. They were walking behind a coal-heaver, who carried his rosy-cheeked boy in his arms, its face looking at them over its father's shoulder. Dickens bought some cherries and handed them one by one

to the child with obvious enjoyment of the little one's pleasure. This was before fortune and fame alike became a canker to his sunny and childlike spirit. It was before the opposite of these conspired with his own excesses of personal habit to sour Whitehead's life.

The chances of substantial success came first to Whitehead. Mr. Mackenzie Bell tells us that when a publishing house conceived the idea of issuing an amusing travesty on the experiences of a company of cockney sportsmen, it was to Whitehead they offered the commission to write to Seymour's sketches. Mr. Bell says that Whitehead declined on the ground of some distrust of his own ability to meet the conditions imposed as to times of production. In refusing the commission, however, he appears to have mentioned his young friend Dickens, and this is said to have been the introduction that led to the book which afterwards became famous as the "Pickwick Papers." The reasons for the statement seem satisfactory and conclusive. Dickens himself, in his well-known preface, explanatory of the origin of the work in question, makes no allusion to Whitehead; but Forster, in the "Life," touches upon the introduction of Dickens by Whitehead to Chapman, and the late George Hodder (not a very reliable authority, certainly, but a contemporary who was personally known to the persons concerned) gives the story as Mr. Mackenzie Bell has furnished it, less the added evidence of the few surviving friends of Whitehead, who are old enough to remember the transaction. From this point, the point most of all of impact and of the exhibition of a spirit of genuine comradeship, the careers of the friends part company; the one leading to success and the other to failure, the one to fame and the other to a kind of obscurity which was none the better to bear or to sink beneath because it was illumined by a few fitful flashes of reputation.

From thirty to thirty-six years of age Whitehead seems, according to Mr. Mackenzie Bell's careful monograph, to have occupied himself with the work of a reader to a publishing house, and to have contributed extensively to *Bentley's Miscellany*, the *New Monthly Magazine*, and other periodicals. His reports on books are said to have exhibited a good deal of critical discrimination and a wide knowledge of literature. His scattered essays and sketches were of the quality with which he has made us familiar in the volumes of his "Smiles and Tears." They

are neither indicative of his higher genius nor discreditable to his average powers. During the years mentioned he wrote a play, "The Cavalier," which was produced with success at the Lyceum Theatre in 1836. It is a sombre and powerful story of domestic love in the earlier days of the Restoration. But it was not until 1841-2 that Whitehead put forth the work which most of all distinguishes him. This was a romance of real life, founded on the fortunes of Richard Savage, and called by his name. Never, surely, was the advent of a remarkable imaginative writer more clearly signalized than by the publication of this book. It vitalized the men and manners of the eighteenth century as no writing of the nineteenth century had then vitalized them, as no other writing (unless it is "Esmond") has since vitalized them.

About an historical personage of distinct characteristics, Whitehead gathered a circle of persons more or less imaginary as to individual traits, true to fact, nevertheless, so far as they have their counterparts in history, striking in their actions, unconventional in their grouping, impressive in the *dénouement* to which they contribute. Mrs. Brett, the mother of Savage by Earl Rivers, unnatural in the hatred of her own child, as unrelenting in her outraged pride as her son is in his; Lady Mason, her mother, weak and irresolute, swayed to and fro at the alternate caprice of fear and hope; Colonel Brett, conscious of his wife's transgressions and unable to control them; Lord Tyrconnell, the mysterious agent of tardy and inadequate as well as secret justice to Savage, or the still more mysterious agent of an unselfish philanthropy; Sir Richard Steele, too, the brilliant and reckless wit, half saint, half vagabond, as quick to ferret out an insult aimed at himself as slow to measure the force of a thrust from his bright rapier — all these are depicted with a vividness not less than startling. And side by side with them, and arising out of the depths of the writer's own invention, stands at least one personage who has hardly his superior in modern fiction in respect of originality of conception and force and finish of presentment — Ludlow, the servant of Lady Mason and Savage's only natural guardian, strong in his very weakness, brave in his very cowardice, vacillating until the moment of peril comes, resolute thenceforward and until the end, loyal through disaster, generous in spite of injury, sinking at last under combined misrepresentation, duplicity, outrage, and ingratitude. And the hero

himself, gloomy in his pride, irresistible where he is not contemptible in his vanity, alternately gay and grave, reckless and discreet, brilliant in discourse and curiously stupid in policy, swift to suspect the encroachments of a patronizing spirit, and swifter still to resent it—Richard Savage is a real character thoroughly worked out. Altogether the novel is one which Fielding himself might almost have written. True, it lacks the large hand of that master, and it is deficient in philosophic grasp, its humor is less spontaneous; but the work as a whole is as vivid, it keeps as close to reality, and the kaleidoscope of its incident and character exhibits as many varieties of tone and color. It is, in a word, a sheer slice of the eighteenth century, cut out with as much precision as if the operator had lived in that century himself. Nor was the world slow to appraise this fine book at its true worth. It had been introduced to the public in the pages of *Bentley's Miscellany* by Dickens, who was editor and who never wearied of speaking in its praise. It was admirably illustrated by Leech, and passed through several editions. It arrested the attention of Professor Wilson, who had recognized Whitehead's poetic gift ten years before. It fired the enthusiasm of the late Dante Rossetti, who was then a boy of fifteen, with an unflinching eye for merit, rummaging the bookstalls for good things of every kind. It won for the author the friendship of Bulwer Lytton, Douglas Jerrold, and others, and placed him at one step among the imaginative writers of the time.

If any critic of competent judgment feels distrust of this eulogy as apparently overcharged, let him once more open the book at such scenes as those descriptive of Savage's escape from his pursuers at Wapping (a piece of writing not unworthy to be coupled with some of the best things of the same kind in "Les Misérables;") of Ludlow's betrayal and desertion by his wife Jane Barton; of the poor creature's madness and death; and of Savage's interview with his mother when they parted never to meet again, eye to eye, face to face, breath to breath (these are all to be found among Mr. Bell's extracts), and then let him say what other estimate can justly be formed even on the merit of isolated passages. Or if the reader to whom the book is unfamiliar would have a single passage that shall be representative not of its prevailing temper, for that is as various as life, but of its sustained ardor, then let

him take the following account of Savage's visit in the days of his worst fortune to the grave of Ludlow in the yard of St. James's Church:—

I needed no softening to approach the grave of Ludlow. I hung over it in rapt and mournful reflection. My gentle—my honest friend! whose tender heart my frowardness, my obstinacy, my ingratitude, had so often made to bleed, whose life was bound up in mine—who loved me! In imagination I supposed him to have been a witness to all the sufferings I had endured since his eyes closed upon me. That thought, how much more than my misfortunes had ever done, wrung me. The expectations he had indulged—the hopes he had cherished of me—which, perhaps, thrilled along the thread of life at the very moment it snapped forever—all destroyed, all come to nought! And this at last!—a wretch returning to a dead man's grave, craving a like resolution with himself of the weary flesh into the dust whereof it was composed—it may be (oh, God! there *was* that hideous wish!) an extinction, likewise, of the soul which it contained.

The beadle warned me from the grave once and again. I retired before him without a word. It was evening service; I entered the church modestly, for the temple of God in England is no place for misery that wears old woollen. The woman whose duty it was to open the pew doors was grounded in this religion. She scanned me closely and contemptuously, but presently motioned me to go into an obscure pew at the entrance of the church. I did so, and was the sole occupant of it during the service. Sinners, who came to pray for the mediation of the meek and lowly Jesus, shrank from the contamination of proximity to me.

How many years since I had entered a church!

The bitterness that sometimes, though not often, possessed me, rose upon my mind as I gazed around me. "Dreadful, decent rogues, the major part of these; mumbling prayers they feel not; trembling upon their knees in mock devotion; uttering and muttering responses to appeals for mercy, whilst their hearts are hatching the young of wrath and persecution, which soon with strong-plumed pinions shall go forth to devour and to destroy."

But these unworthy thoughts dispersed, were chased away, when the psalm was given out—when the organ heaved forth its volumes, its throes of ravishing and still swelling sound—when the accordant voices of the children gushed out, making one full, concurrent, sublime descant of prayer, of praise, of petition. My heart wept within me from all its issues; my soul sank prostrate before the altar. I grasped the partition with my hands, or I should have fallen upon the ground; the sweat hung heavy upon my forehead, a trembling shook my whole frame.

Dark as was the corner into which I had slunk, the pew-opener saw my ghastly face through the obscurity. She made signs to me to leave the church; but I stood, or rather continued upright, where I was, spell-bound, fixed. To have left the place I must have been dragged thence. Nor did I recover my calmness during the delivery of the sermon. The preacher was a simple, unaffected, and yet earnest man; he spoke of truths that I had heard when I was a boy, and in almost the self-same language. I had not been a scoffer, for I never was a trifler or a fool. Devoutly believing in a God, and knowing perfectly well the beauty and dignity of virtue, still I had contented myself, during my whole life, with avowing my belief when it was necessary, and maintaining my opinions when they were called for. I was not a man in the practice of piety, either to myself or to the world; that is to say, I had never prayed in secret that God might hear, or gone to church that man might see.

Shall I wrong truth so deeply as to assert that this accidental visit to St. James's Church made a convert or a penitent of me? No; moved as I was, it was no motion from Heaven that called me thither. It was the memory of the past that smote me, not apprehensions of the future.

The service being ended, I would have left, but had a difficulty in finding my hat. In the mean while, a concourse of gaily attired people crowded the aisle. My dress forbade the presumption of thrusting myself amongst them. I was fain, therefore, to wait till they were passed by.

But two or three remained on this side of the church, and these not so advanced towards the entrance as to obstruct the opening of my pew. As I stepped out, a short, sharp cry caused me to turn my head. My arm was at the same instant gently, but quickly, laid hold upon.

"Richard! — Mr. Savage!"

But while this remarkable book was lifting Whitehead to an enviable place among writers, a single infirmity of personal character was reducing him to an unenviable place among men. That infirmity must be touched upon delicately and yet frankly and without reserve. The sunny cheerfulness of Whitehead's spirit, that spontaneity and volatility of soul which in earlier years had endeared him to many friends, proved in the sequel to be his bane. Society has many votaries, and whom it loves the most it seems to make its slaves. Whitehead was a creature made for social intercourse, and he paid the penalty that is due from those who sacrifice too much to its pleasure. He fell into habits of intemperance which alienated one by one the friends whom he valued most and by whom he himself was

most valued. Dickens was among the first to fall away from him, wearied out, it is alleged, by the common trials to which the associates of those who exceed in habits of life are usually exposed. Whitehead was hardly the man to take half measures. He would meet disaster on its own terms, and, once caught in its embrace, would hug it for its own sake. He was something of a Richard Savage himself. He had Savage's gloomy pride and some of his abnormal vanity; he would brook a slight as little, and be as quick to suspect an insult. The world is not lavishly importune in the plea it offers up for any man against himself. It has a trick of letting men do their worst for themselves where none but themselves are concerned. Whitehead was his own conscious-enemy, and the world was never at any time his solicitous friend. Mr. Mackenzie Bell gives some interesting information touching Whitehead's habits and environments about the period of the romance. He frequented a tavern in Cockspur Street, and met there nearly all the wits and prodigals of Bohemia. Among the men who united both characters Whitehead himself was of the first. Credible witnesses affirm that in play of fancy, in sparkle of intelligence, Whitehead was a match for Douglas Jerrold at his brightest. And did he not pay the price of such poor celebrity as the combats of club-house wit could afford? He knew too well what the price was that he was paying. As clearly as Savage saw his life lie as a barren waste behind him when he shook hands with Johnson at the door of the coach that was to bear him away to Bristol and to death there in a debtor's prison, even so clearly did Whitehead realize that of the talents with which he had been entrusted, he had all but buried the best. Tramping all night, for lack of a lodging, through the streets of London, Johnson and Savage were known to declare that, come what might, they at least, poor homeless outcasts, would stand by their country. Standing by the grave of a brother from whose talents he had expected much and gathered nothing, Whitehead had consecrated his life to noble purposes. But the one aim was as barren of fulfilment as the other. In a story Whitehead speaks of drink as a gracious angel of hope willing at all times to banish the thousand fiends of foreboding and failure. This is the easy subterfuge of a burdened conscience. More true to the promptings of a better nature is such an utterance as this, which comes to us like a cry wrung

out of the heart of one who has followed
the funeral of his talents :—

Even as yon lamp within my vacant room
With arduous flame disputes the doubtful
night,
And can with its involuntary light
But lifeless things that near it stand illumine;
Yet all the while it doth itself consume,
And ere the sun hath reached its morning
height
With courier beams that greet the shep-
herd's sight,
There where its life arose must be its tomb :—

So wastes my life away, perforce confined
To common things, a limit to its sphere,
It gleams on worthless trifles undesigned,
With fainter ray each hour imprisoned here,
Alas! to know that the consuming mind
Must leave its lamp cold ere the sun ap-
pear!

Whitehead did not repeat the success of his "Savage." He attempted many works afterwards, and nothing that he touched failed utterly. He wrote an historical romance entitled "The Earl of Essex," and an historical inquiry entitled "Sir Walter Raleigh." He revived his "Cavalier," at Sadler's Wells Theatre, and tried his luck at another poetic tragedy. But either his cunning of hand had gone or he lacked the industry to employ it. Year after year his condition became more and more abject. He lived at one period in a house in Great Ormond Street with a back room for study, and for his sole prospect a blank wall and gutter that flowed beneath the window. He is described by a printer with whom he had dealings towards 1850, as the personification of the idea of a Grub Street author. He was bordering on fifty at this time, and the best of his days lay behind him. London had no fresh prospect for him now. His wife, a practical woman of no literary tastes or attainments, was his last hold on life. Abandoned by most of his friends, or having himself abandoned them, he seems to have been in the extremities, not perhaps of necessity, but of hope and heart when the thought occurred to him to emigrate to Australia. It was an extraordinary project. It was equivalent, as Mr. George Bentley (quoted by Mr. Bell) pertinently says, to "carrying an eighteenth century mind to a twentieth century country with the certainty of collapse." And the collapse came only too speedily. At first Whitehead appears to

have made some progress. The little he had done was so good as to insure him acceptance and distinction. But it is doubtful if he ever really got his head above water. A change of climate was not enough to occasion a change of habit. His wife died in Victoria, and then his last stay was gone. He fell into excesses still deeper than of old, and even yet more abject. We know what the last scene must have been. We can describe it with as much certainty as to its fidelity to the sad fact as if it stood recorded in the short entry in the official day-book that tells the story of the end. Whitehead was realizing his own picture of despair :—

Alas! for all the miseries that strew
The common path our trackless footsteps
make,
As we creep on this maze of darkness through;
The hearts that break, the hearts that can-
not break,
The hearts that bury their last hopes and
take
E'en comfort from the grave and struggle
still,
And lingering on for very misery's sake
Live—not because they would, but that they
will;
And die when baffled Death is left no power
to kill.

He was not the man to ask for succor, nor yet was he one to take it when offered. Like another English poet he must have perished in his pride. Worn out by exposure, if not reduced by sheer necessity, he must have been picked up in the streets, unconscious perhaps, but certainly too weak to resist the attentions of charity. This was on July 5th, 1862. In the course of a few hours he died in the public hospital at Melbourne. He was fifty-eight years of age and had been connected with newspapers. This was all that was left to the hospital clerk to say of the author of one of the finest novels of the century, of the friend of Dickens's early manhood, of one of the strongest souls, as we verily believe, on whom the world has yet turned its back.

The thanks of every reader who is not a slave to the opinions of the three or four literary tasters who (according to M. Edmund de Goncourt) direct public opinion in the matter of books and authors, is due to Mr. Mackenzie Bell for his monograph on a writer who has not yet had full justice at the hands of the professed guides to literature.

From Murray's Magazine.

A TURKISH LAND-GRABBER.*

IT is just nine years — it seems only yesterday — since I first saw his tall, athletic figure, his piercing eyes, like jewels set in bronze glittering in the sunlight, glancing full at me from the sun-tanned face — a noble face with proud aquiline features framed in grey locks which peeped forth like a silver rim, from under the crimson fez which he wore and which seemed to be part of himself, to have grown to him, so inseparable was it from the head which it covered. Stepan Boda, such was my friend's name, lived in a good-sized farm, his own property, in the outskirts of Antivari, a little town reduced to ruin in the last war and then ceded to Montenegro. But the angel of war had been kind to Stepan, and had not overshadowed his house; there were nothing but signs of peace. It stood in a homely farmyard, where I loved to saunter in the caressing rays of the sun, full of those sounds and objects sweet to the soul of a country-bred man. There was a great stack of dried maize-stocks against which I used to nestle and sketch, and under which the fowls would congregate in clucking harmony to scratch up treasures from the earth; and I used to watch them lazily for more hours than I like to confess, giving sudden digs with an air of dubious expectancy, exploring the result with looks of pleased surprise, darting pecks at their discoveries in victorious satisfaction, until I almost felt my soul transmigrating into them, and myself their sympathetic companion with no ogreish suspicion of the future meals they would provide. Then a fierce old watch-dog, who abominated strangers and who at first regarded me with keen suspicion, would come and poke his friendly nose under my indolently dropped hand, and press his head upwards for a caress, whilst the tip of his tail, slowly wagging, made tiny regular beats on the ground and set fragments of straw in little puffs of dust dancing in the sunlight, so many atoms of gold shining through ruddy mist, until, his suspicion aroused by some sight or sound without the range of my dull human sense, he would dart away and round the other side of the house, furiously awaking the echoes with his deep

bass bark. * Straightway I would forget him and watch with sleepy approbation the gamboling of the calves in the meadow beyond, where their mothers lay reflectively chewing the cud, from time to time lazily whisking tails against aggressive flies, or giving a faint, grumbling low of disapproval at the outrageous activity of their offspring despite the hot summer sun; or would let my eyes wander slowly along the deep-eaved wall with the ladder leaning up against it where the olive-press was, and further on to the wooden stairway leading up from the yard to the loft, until they rested finally on the grey olive-trees through which from afar off shone patches of the blue Adriatic. A sleepy, happy, lotus-eating kind of being I was at such times, the monotonous murmur of the summer insects in the scented air and lazy chirping of birds, and distant tinkling of sheep-bells, lulling me to greater repose, with only a distant consciousness that I ought to be sketching and not idle, to make the repose all the more delicious.

"Heugh!" I am woken up one afternoon, as indeed I was on many, from some such delicious excursion into the land of forgetfulness, by the curious throat whistle of my friend Boda, the sound with which Albanian shepherds call the attention of their sheep. I watched him from under half-closed eyelids — his tall, commanding figure, his noble features, and his curious, feeble, tottering gait. I had frequently wondered at the contrast presented by this gait — the gait of a broken-down old man — to the rest of his demeanor and apparent strength, but had never forgotten politeness so far as to show my curiosity.

"Well, sir," said Boda (I may here mention that we conversed either in Italian, which is spoken all down that coast, or Turkish, in both of which tongues I was pretty proficient), "I hope the cock did not annoy you again last night, and that Maria is learning how to attend upon you."

"Maria," I answered, "is most attentive. I could not ask to be better waited upon. The cock" (I should here mention that the fowl-house was underneath my bedroom) "began to crow at about half past one in the morning and continued until daybreak when I arose."

"I shall slay the cock," said Boda impressively.

"Can I help you to catch him?" I asked.

"No, he is a tame bird and will come at my call," he replied, tottering away to put

* The chief incidents of this attempt at "land-grabbing" are related in as nearly as possible the same terms as they were to the writer by the principal actor in them. It will be observed that they took place some forty years ago, and it should be added that of recent years no similar occurrences, so far as the writer is aware, have taken place in Turkey.

his decision into execution; "you shall have him for supper. I am coming back — I wish to speak to you."

Whilst he is slaying the cock, I will state for my readers' information that the rest of the household consists of Boda's wife, an energetic, grey-haired woman, with bright, piercing eyes, completely devoted to her husband; and Maria, a woman of say between forty-five and fifty, active, and having the remains of what had evidently been remarkable beauty, but very nervous and shy, who helped in the cooking and cleaning, and the small amount of waiting that I required. She spoke to me as little as possible, indeed she scarcely ever spoke to any one, though quiet and firm affection seemed to dwell in the little household. In a few minutes Boda returned.

"He will trouble you no more unless he gives you evil dreams to-night," said he, smiling. "It is a pity; he was a fine bird, and I loved him, but you know the Turkish proverb, 'The untimely crowing cock has his head cut off.' Well! well! he must have died some time or other. And now permit me to ask you, my effendi, — will you pardon me if I change some of the furniture in your room? You shall be incommoded as little as possible, and —"

"The furniture is yours, my dear Boda," I interrupted, "pray make no ceremony; I have my camp equipment with me, and could really do without furniture as long as you leave me the room."

"I am ashamed to ask you this," said Boda; "it is utterly against my desire. The fact is" — here he blushed and stammered — "the fact is, that my eldest son has asked for his portion, and to-morrow I must divide my goods, and give him his share."

I began to think that I was still dozing, and that my dreams had taken the shape of the Prodigal Son, with Boda acting the part of the father. I watched Arslan, the dog, gathering himself together for a mighty bark, in the expectation that he would act like the ordinary dream animal and turn into something else, or that instead of barking he would speak. But he gave vent to so uncompromising a wide-awake bark that the cows, startled, slowly got up and looked round to see what was the matter, and a cat, creeping cautiously along the eaves on its way to the loft, stopped, wagged its tail, stealthily seated itself, and smiled down defiance.

"But what do you do that for?" I enquired. "Surely you are not bound to

split up your property during your lifetime unless you desire?"

Boda looked at me with quiet surprise. "Of course my son has a right to his portion," he said; "it is the same in your country."

My contradiction of this statement was met by Boda with polite disbelief, and an evident impression that I was sadly ignorant.

"It is the same," said Boda, extending his remark, "in all countries."

I must say that I looked forward to the partition with much interest, and my curiosity was rewarded by my being the witness of an unexpected and to me, at the time, inexplicable scene. The two sons of Boda arrived with their wives on the morrow, both fine-looking young men, and apparently a little ashamed of their position. It did not require five minutes for me to perceive that it was the wife of the eldest son who was at the bottom of it all, and who was egging him on. This lady quickly let down her *yashmak* (I have forgotten to say that the Boda family was Catholic, but the Albanian Catholic ladies are quite as particular about their *yashmaks* as their Mussulman countrywomen), and, with great shrillness of voice and volubility of tongue, set about claiming half of everything of value in the house — everything. There were two brass candlesticks in my room; she took one; there was a large mirror; she said she must have half; it could be divided into frame and glass — the frame she would leave to the father, the glass she would take. This caused a most excited discussion, at the end of which she relinquished her claim on condition of receiving ample compensation in some other form. There were two iron bedsteads in the house, one used by old Boda and one by me; she wanted mine. After more wrangling, old Boda went and whispered in her ear, but she was not to be lulled into such weakness as a whisper.

"Then give the effendi your own," she bawled; "he is not my guest, and can't lie on my bed."

Gradually her husband — the other son stood quite aloof, and accepted shamefacedly what had been allotted as his portion — got dragged into the quarrelling, at first half-heartedly, but finally to quite as thorough an extent as his wife could wish. The climax was reached when the discussion turned upon the kitchen utensils. So far as I could make out, young Boda and his wife claimed them all; their claim was indignantly repulsed. Old Boda at last

began to grow really angry; he turned a deaf ear to his daughter-in-law, and bitterly reproached his son with his undutiful behavior. The latter answered scornfully, and tempers were running dangerously high, when suddenly, to my intense surprise, Maria — the quiet Maria, who hardly ever addressed a word to any one, and who till that moment had seemed to stand an indifferent spectator of the scene — stepped forward with eyes and face aflame, and addressed to the younger Boda an apostrophe of startling energy and violence. She upbraided him and scolded at him with increasing fury, whilst all of us, as well as himself, stood looking at her in silent wonder, until her rage seemed to outdo her power of speech and she came to a full stop. Then she gathered herself together as if for a final effort, and deliberately spat in his face. For a moment surprise continued to hold every one still, and then young Boda, with a kind of angry growl, advanced upon her with arm upraised, as if to strike her to the ground. At once, with dramatic rapidity, the scene changed. Old Boda, seeming for an instant to regain his strength, was at one stride between the man and the woman, faced his son, and raised his arm as if he too were about to strike. His wife and other son rushed forward to prevent the unnatural collision, whilst Maria, white as a sheet, her eyes still aflame, clenched her hands and seemed to be preparing to make a spring, like some wild animal, upon the young man the moment the first blow was struck, and the other two women cowered in a corner, frightened at the result which the rapacity of one of them had produced. But young Boda had half crouched down, and stretched out his hand as if to deprecate the blow which his father seemed ready to deal him. Thus for a moment they all stood; and never to my dying day shall I forget the extraordinarily dramatic picture they formed.

"Strike her not," said old Boda at last, in a commanding tone; "whoever strikes her, strikes me."

"Quite right," said his wife.

I can remember no more of what passed about the partition, I could pay it no more attention; I kept on going over this scene in my mind, and endeavoring to explain it. I am ashamed to say that I arrived at conclusions concerning the relations between old Boda and Maria not flattering to either of them, and only remained puzzled by the attitude of his wife. This I at last put down to "customs of the country," and felt satisfied.

A few days later, Boda approached me with the subject upon which I had always been so curious.

"Have you," he asked, "never considered it curious that a man of my build should be so crippled in his walk?"

"Well," I replied, "yes, I have."

"Ah!" said Boda. "Well, my effendi, after what you witnessed here the other day, I should like to tell you the story, if it will not tire you."

"Not at all," I answered; "I should of all things like to hear it."

My story (said Boda, after a short pause and with an evident effort to begin) is a sad one, and I fear it will not amuse you. About thirty years ago, I was a young man; I feared nobody; I was rich and influential; I wanted nothing. I was strong and active, no one could wrestle with me. At the time I am speaking of I had been married about three years; both my sons were already born. Now it happened that at about that time a new mütezzarif* had come to Antivari, who was, even for their way, more greedy and rapacious than usual. I was in the Council of Notables, and had more than once endeavored to stop some cruel injustice being done to the poor and powerless. Thus it came to be that the mütezzarif conceived a great enmity and dislike for me, and no doubt promised himself that he would be revenged. Now turning over in his mind how he could best strike me, it must have occurred to him that he would begin by ruining me; and one day he sent me a message, saying that he required a piece of my land, and would pay me fair and full price for it. You will understand, my effendi, that for a mütezzarif a fair and full price is not the hundredth part of the real value of the property; moreover, even that price which he binds himself to pay, he never pays. The piece of land which he chose of mine was about the third of my property, and the richest which I had. I accordingly sent back word to say that I required no money, that my land was not more than I could work, and that I respectfully declined his kind offer. I heard that the mütezzarif was incensed at what he called my insolence, and that he made a vow that if the dog (meaning me) would not give up peaceably what was required of him, it should be wrested from him by force. Not a day then passed that the mütezzarif did not send me up a messenger to urge

* District governor.

me to sell my land; he even increased his price, though, as he never would have paid anything, that made but little difference. I, however, remained unmoved, and determined that not one arschin of ground should he have. He even took to openly threatening me when he by chance met me; but I laughed at his threats, for I was powerful, and had many friends who, if he had tried to use force, would have stood together and supported me. At last he seemed to grow tired before my obstinacy, and for some time I heard nothing from him; I began to hope that he had been conquered by my many refusals, and would thenceforward leave me in peace. But one day I again saw a messenger coming to me from the mütezzarif, and though I felt angry at his persistence, I could not but laugh within myself at the fresh refusal he would receive, and the rage he would be in. To my surprise the messenger brought nothing but words of peace and friendship. The mütezzarif, he said, was sorry that unfriendliness should have grown between us on account of a piece of land; he valued my good-will more than a few deunums, which God would provide for him elsewhere; he begged me to forget all that had passed, and to mark our reconciliation by coming that day to dine with him, bringing my wife also that she might receive hospitality in his harem. Now I knew the mütezzarif to be an evil man, and I conceived suspicions that under these smooth words there lurked some base treachery; therefore, after careful consideration, I replied, also with honeyed words, saying that I was just gathering in my wine harvest, and that I begged he would have me excused. In less than an hour the messenger returned; the mütezzarif, he said, was grieved at my refusal, it seemed that I was of an unforgiving heart and determined to be at enmity with him; moreover a refusal to such an invitation looked as if I doubted his, the mütezzarif's, honor and feared that his hospitality covered evil designs; he could not, said the messenger, doubt my courage, which was widely famed abroad, but nevertheless, in order to reassure me, he gave me his word of honor that no harm should come to me or mine, and he begged therefore that I would no longer refuse, but would, with my wife, honor his invitation. I still suspected him, but the allusion to my courage was too much for me, and I gave way. "Take many salutes to the mütezzarif from me," I said; "tell him that I fear nothing; that I will leave my work for to-

day and will be with him in an hour, and my wife shall come with me to pass on and pay her respects to the hannum." Then I turned and went to prepare myself. My wife was much frightened, and tried hard to dissuade me. But I would not listen to her; I bade her hold her peace, and not bother me with her woman's fears, but make herself ready to come with me. And so I walked forth with her from my home and went to the Konak. As we passed through the gates, and my wife left my side to turn to the door of the harem, I saw the mütezzarif seated under a big tree which was there, smoking a *narghilé*. He rose when he saw me, and advanced smiling towards me as if graciously to receive me. And even as I was bowing to make my first salaam to him, I was seized suddenly from behind and thrown on my back, and so was held by two men whilst a third bound my hands and feet. So suddenly was this done, and so completely was I taken by surprise that I had no time to resist. Within a minute after I had passed the gate I was lying a helpless log on the ground. I had heard my wife give a shriek, and could see from where I lay that she had been roughly stopped by two men, and forced to stay where she was. Then I heard the gates shut.

"Bring him here," said the mütezzarif. And they dragged me to him.

"Now, you dog," cried the mütezzarif, "will you give me that land or not?" I heard my wife crying to me not to be obstinate, but to bow before the will of the mütezzarif, and so obtain mercy, and go in peace and safety.

"Silence, woman!" I called to her. "You make me fear that you are the mother of cowards. Cease your crying, for I will not let my courage ooze through your eyes." But she stopped me again with her wailing. "Yield, Stepan, yield," she sobbed; "they will kill you; I shall have you no more, and your children will be fatherless. Yield! am not I and your children better than all your land?"

Then I paid her no more attention, and looking at the mütezzarif, I said, "This, effendi, is no doubt a joke you are playing upon me, but you have frightened my wife too much. Tell these fellows to unbind me, and let me go, for we have had enough of this play."

The mütezzarif was smoking his *narghilé*, and evilly smiling to himself as he heard my wife's mourning. "Will you give me the land?" he said.

"No," I said; "I have told you I will

not. But do you forget your message to me — your word of honor that if I came to you now no harm should come to me or mine?"

"Empty words," he answered disdainfully; "what have such dogs as you to do with honor? If I want to kill an obstinate beast, do not I hold him out a tempting morsel in one hand and plunge my knife into him with the other? Is there any necessity that I should feel my honor hurt because he believes in the pleasant meal, and knows not of the knife? Honor!" said he, laughing bitterly, "what an insolent knave this is, to be sure! Will you give up your land, fellow?" he concluded furiously.

For an instant my heart fell, as I heard my dear young wife weeping and moaning to herself; but when I saw the müteşsarif smiling evilly again at her sobs, and smoking quietly the while, my rage knew no bounds. "No!" I shouted, "I would sooner die first! Do your worst, hound, and may the curse of God be upon you and your children forever!"

"Then go on," said the müteşsarif, in a quiet voice, and settling himself back to smoke more comfortably.

At these words two men, who till then had been hidden behind the tree, came forth dragging between them two upright posts, with a horizontal plank fixed between them about three feet from the ground, in the centre of which were scooped two semicircular notches. They brought this up to me, then raising my feet from the ground, they bared them, whilst I did not struggle, for I saw that it was useless, and scorned to show fear, and bound my ankles tightly into the notches, my feet projecting over the other side. Then they went behind the tree again, and brought forth each a bundle of long, heavy sticks, every stick as thick as three fingers. They each selected a stick, and went and stood on each side of me behind the posts.

"Will you give me the land?" said the müteşsarif.

"No," I replied through my set teeth.

"Then go on," said the müteşsarif in the same voice as before.

I saw the sticks go up and descend with all the force the men could command upon the soles of my feet. The pain was such that it seemed to me as if a mountain of agony had risen up from each foot, and was reaching up to the blue sky above me. At each blow the mountains sprang up higher, until they seemed to fill all space; they seemed to crush me under their weight, and their bases were lakes

of living fire. I heard my wife shrieking, but it seemed as if the shrieks were an immeasurable distance off. My ears were full of confused sound, and the sky seemed to come down and meet my eyes; I saw the branches of the tree between me and it, but they seemed to be part of my brain, and the leaves tortured me by their shivering. Yet the men had only struck me five times. Then there was a pause, and I heard the voice of the müteşsarif, mingled with my wife's screams, coming to me as if from far away, "Will you give me the land?"

"No," I panted, but my voice was as the voice of another, I knew it not.

"Then go on." I thought it was the voice of the devil wafted to me from hell.

My legs seemed to have grown to two huge pillars upon which those fearful burning mountains were set; the burning mountains seemed to be so full of raging fire that they were stretched beyond the strength of their sides; when the blows recommenced the mountains burst and fell in rivers of fiery torment down the pillars, but new mountains sprang up at once and took their place; heavy, crushing mountains of ice at first, but changing at once to the fires of hell again. The sky grew black, the leaves shook my brain with agony, my head burst, and I knew no more. My wife has told me the rest. After twenty strokes the müteşsarif stopped them and addressed the same question as before, "Will you give me the land?" But this time he got no answer. He asked louder, but I made no sign nor sound. Then he rose and came and looked at me, puffing smoke in my face; after which he went and sat down again comfortably by his narghilé and said, "Go on." One hundred blows they struck me on each foot; they had to continually take fresh sticks, for the force of the blows soon shivered them to pieces. At the end, my feet were shapeless lumps of mutilated, bleeding flesh, my legs swollen to twice their natural size, the nails had fallen from my toes and lay in pools of blood upon the ground. When the müteşsarif gave the final signal for them to stop, he had my wife brought up to me and told her brutally that she might walk back with me now, that the dinner was finished and he had no more to say; then he rose and sauntered off into the Konak. She told me that even my executioners seemed to take some pity on her then, for they procured a litter and carriers for her, and bid her hasten to take me away lest the müteşsarif should change his mind.

For six months afterwards I lay near death; many times they thought that my legs would have to be cut off; but in the end my strength triumphed and I recovered my health. But two things I lost. I have never since been able to walk except with the tottering gait of a feeble old man. I have walked like that (said Boda, sighing) for thirty years. And I lost my spirit; it was broken. My friends came in and offered revenge, but I would not listen to them; only I had made up my mind obstinately that I would never give up my land, and it is mine still.

Here Boda paused, and thinking that his story was finished, I said, "What a horrible story, my poor friend! I feel myself that I would like to take vengeance for you on that cruel devil of a müteşsarif. What became of him? Surely such an act was not allowed to pass unpunished?"

"Wait, my effendi!" replied Boda. "I have more to say." He paused for a moment, evidently under the effect of strong emotion; then continued:—

I had a younger brother called Agostin, a splendid young fellow, beloved by every one, but by me as if he were another self. When I got well again, he came to me and said, "Stepan, you must revenge yourself; no Skipetar can remain under such insult and offence as you have suffered at the hands of that dog of a müteşsarif unavenged. I would have shot him myself long ago, but whilst there was hope that you would live, I would not step in your place and take that pleasure away from you. Now you are well, you must lie in wait for him and shoot him. Fear no consequences; I and many other lusty friends are here to protect you." But, as I told you, my spirit was broken, and though before I would never have refused a *vendetta*, I could not now bring myself to contemplate doing as my brother urged me. I knew he thought me a coward; but he was generous, and knowing the suffering I had been through, he never reproached me with my want of courage, though he did not cease to endeavor to persuade me. At last, seeing that he could not rouse my spirit, he told me he should kill the müteşsarif himself. I strove hard to dissuade him, but for all answer he swore the *vendetta* against the müteşsarif, and with a laugh bid me hold my peace. The time of Agostin's wedding was then drawing nigh; he was engaged to a lovely girl, the only child of a widow in Antivari. It is not the cus-

tom amongst us, as you know, to see courtship or love before marriage; the match is arranged by the parents of the young couple, and the bridegroom buys his wife at the price of a cow or two, or other valuables. But Agostin was an exception; he had fallen in love with the girl and longed for the day of wedding her. She could bring him no property; but he had his portion of land and his dwelling, and desired her only. He grew happier and happier as the day came closer, and I was glad not only for that, but because he seemed to have forgotten the *vendetta*, and I hoped that his marriage would make him change his mind, for I feared the müteşsarif in spite of my resolution to keep my land, and foresaw some evil to my dear Agostin, should he endeavor to execute his oath. On the eve of his wedding-day he came and sat with me for a long time; he spoke of his happiness, and of how he loved his bride, and of his impatience at the length of the hours which separated her from him, and of how he would have her mother to dwell with them. "And you, my poor Stepan," he said affectionately; "I know you cannot leap and dance like the others." I saw his face darken as he remembered why, and the fear came over my heart again. "But," he continued, "you must nevertheless be one of my bride's escort, and be a witness of my carrying her across my threshold. I cannot do without you at the happiest occasion of my life." I promised I would come, and we kissed each other lovingly, and then he went out from my house, singing a Turkish love-song, as happy as any man the sun shone upon.

The next day I went to the house of the bride to join in the escort which was to accompany her to my brother's house. You know that our custom is that the bride, veiled head to foot and mounted on a horse, should be taken by her own friends and those of the bridegroom to the bridegroom's house; there he lifts her from the horse, carries her into his house, bids her welcome, and unveils her. Afterwards is the marriage feast. So the procession started; on my account it advanced at a slow pace; but it was none the less merry and joyous for that. At the head was an *improvvisatore*, playing wild and happy music on his clarionet, and the men were dancing and leaping round the bride's horse, firing their pistols into the air and shouting her praises aloud for all passers-by to hear, whilst the summer sun shone down upon us to gladden

our hearts. When we neared my brother's house, and I saw the door wide open, and I thought of my brother waiting inside in rich happiness, his heart beating as he heard the bridal noise drawing close, I felt my own heart beat in sympathy with his, and I was happier than I ever thought I could have been after the wreck of me by the *bastinado*; I loved my brother so dearly. I looked for him when we were quite close, but he did not show himself. When we stopped at the door, the firing and the playing ceased, and we waited for him to appear. "Come out, thou sluggard, Agostin!" called out one, "art thou afraid of our firing at thee?" Then there was a laugh, and another shouted, "Nay, he is shy, and is hiding from the eyes of his wife," and they laughed again. Still Agostin came not. "We must go in and drag him forth," called a third, and indeed, as Agostin gave no answer, two or three of his most intimate friends entered the house, and I tottered after them. But before I had reached the door they came out again with surprised faces; he was not there. The clarinet played joyfully again, and the firing of the pistols recommenced in order to call him. For more than an hour we waited, and the wedding guests began to ask me impatiently what we were to do, when two mounted *zaptiehs* suddenly rode up to the house.

"What's all this?" said one. "Go away all of you, whilst we seal up the house."

"You are mistaken," I said, with a great fear at my heart; "this is Agostin Boda's house, and his wedding-day, and we are waiting for him to come and take his bride."

"There will be no wedding to-day," said the *zaptieh*, not roughly; he seemed a good fellow enough and sorry. "Agostin Boda is in prison at the *Konak*."

"In the name of God, what for?" I cried.

"He has killed the *mütessarif*, and is in prison," said the *zaptieh*; "it is no use your waiting here; you had better all go away."

The wedding-party had commenced rapidly to break up in dismay, when I heard a sobbing sigh and a heavy fall. We had forgotten the bride; she had fallen from the horse in a dead faint. Poor child! it was a sad unveiling; instead of the loving bridegroom proudly unveiling her, whilst she blushed and smiled and thrilled under his touch, it was I, with heavy fear and bitter sadness at my heart, who, hastily

enough indeed, tore the veil from her to give her water and restore her, and saw her there with her face deathly white, and the long lines of tears wet upon her face. When she came to herself again she got up and, sobbing the while as if her heart would break, she disposed her dress to look as little bridal as possible. Then she said to me through her tears, "Stepan Boda, take me home." So I seated her on her horse and we set our faces homewards. We passed over the ground which only two hours before we had trodden with joyful hearts, surrounded by the merry noisy wedding-party; now we were alone, I tottering painfully and leaning heavily on her horse for support, she riding by my side, her face hidden in her hands, shaking with sobs. Well, my *effendi*, I tried hard to see my brother in prison, but they would not let me; so I have never been able to find out for certain by what evil chance it happened that he met his opportunity for vengeance on his wedding morning. From what the *zaptiehs*, whom my friends and I questioned continually afterwards, let drop, I believe that he had seen the *mütessarif* pass his house apparently alone, that he had seized his rifle on the spot and shot him dead there and then. But there was an escort, which my brother had not seen because it was hidden by a rise in the ground, only a hundred paces or so behind, so that he was taken red-handed. I say I believe that to be true, though nothing is certain, because Agostin was a hot-headed youth, and would not have waited to consider, if he thought he saw his chance.

"And what became of him?" I asked.

"God knows only," replied Stepan; "from that time to this I have never seen him, nor even been able to obtain any news of his fate. He may be living still; he may have died then. The Turkish authorities here would never tell me anything or give me any clue. I even went to Stamboul, and after much time and great difficulty my whole story and Agostin's were laid before the *padischah*. They told me that the *padischah* was furious, and declared that the *mütessarif* richly deserved to be killed, and that Agostin had done no more than was right. They bid me return to Antivari happy, for the *padischah* would give the order that Agostin should at once be restored to me. And I did return happy with the hope in my heart. But either the *padischah* forgot me, for I am humble, or else the order was given and they could not restore me

Agostin and were ashamed to tell me. It is nearly thirty years since I saw him walking away from my house in the light of the setting sun, joyfully singing his Turkish love-song, his heart full of his beloved and the morrow which would give her to him. I long clung to the hope that one day I should see him return to us, but now that hope has quite died away. Only the priest says that I shall meet him again in the afterwards, and I try to content myself with the thought of our joy, his and mine, and hers who was to have been his wife, at meeting."

Stepan's voice trembled as he concluded his story, and the big tears stood in his eyes. Far away behind the blue Adriatic the setting sun was sinking, and the plain below us was glowing in the mellow golden light, the warm shadows growing longer and longer as if they were striving to carry a message of hope for the morrow to the East. From a distant khan, the wild music of an *improvisatore's* clarinet faintly reached my ears; it seemed like the echo of Stepan's story, and I fancied I could almost see the happy wedding-party dancing their way to Agostin's house, and then the lonely, mournful couple, the sorrowful and enfeebled man and the broken-hearted, weeping woman, returning from it. I felt a sob rising to my throat and my voice was thick as I asked my last question.

"And what of the bride?" I said.

"Very shortly after what should have been her wedding-day her mother died," replied Stepan, "and she was left alone, ill with grief. I sent my wife to her to tell her to come to us and make our home hers; she came, and we have loved her always, and love her as a most dear sister. Poor child! she never could become happy again, but like me she has faith in the afterwards. You know her," added Stepan after a slight pause and with a queer, sad smile on his face — "she is Maria."

And then I understood the scene I had witnessed at the partition of the Boda property.

VINCENT CAILLARD.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
WEEDS.

WHEN I say weeds, I do *not* mean cigars. The fragrant weed, as cheap essayists of the Dick Swiveller school love

to call it, is not a weed at all, but on the contrary an expensive and legitimate product of commerce and agriculture. So far from growing wild anywhere in the world in that kind of profusion which weediness implies, tobacco is indeed a dainty plant that requires careful drainage, excellent shelter, and such an amount of rich manure as seldom or never occurs on any field casually in a state of nature. In fact, the Virginian *nicotiana* is well known to be a most exhausting crop, rapidly using up the potash and lime of the soil in which it roots, and grown to the greatest perfection as a garden plant in virgin land only. Hence it has nothing at all to do with the present philosophical discussion, any more than widows' weeds or the gay weeds of poetry; the sole weed I contemplate for the moment being the common weedy weed of the average cornfield or of the domestic flower-garden.

But what exactly constitutes any plant a genuine weed it would be hard to say; only as dirt is matter in the wrong place, so, I take it, a weed is simply a herb or flower which grows where the agriculturist or the gardener doesn't want it. A curious instance of the relativity of weediness (as John Stuart Mill would have put it) will point this moral to greater advantage. There is a well-known blue garden-flower which rejoices in the tasteful scientific name of *ageratum*, and which adorns the old-fashioned "mixed border" in the grounds of many an innocent suburban villa. Now, the wife of a former governor of Ceylon, says veracious legend, anxious to transport loved memories of other days to her new home, brought over a plant of this familiar hardy annual from Clapham or Lee to her garden at Colombo. The climate of the Indies suited the new-comer down to the ground, and it began to spread over the adjacent plots with marvellous rapidity. Furthermore, it has winged seeds, which the balmy breezes that (according to the poet) "blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle" immediately wafted to every part of that fertile region. The consequence is that nowadays the people, as in Lord Tennyson's apologue, "call it but a weed," and with good reason; for it has been calculated that it costs the unlucky planters over 250,000*l.* yearly to keep down that blue *ageratum* in their coffee plantations.

The great moral lesson of this interesting little tale is not far to seek. A herb or shrub is a "garden plant" as long as it grows only where you want it to grow; the moment it begins to spread beyond

control and flourish exceedingly of its own accord, it is considered as a weed, and receives no quarter from the hard heart and harder hands of the irate agriculturist. Clover is a "crop," where it is deliberately sown; but when it comes up lawlessly of its own mere motion in a flower-bed on the lawn, it is treated at once to Jedburgh justice—decapitated and mutilated at sight, without form of trial.

Hence it also results that a weed, wherever it shows its weedy nature, belongs to what Darwin used to call "a dominant species," that is to say, one that then and there can take care of itself, and live down or kill out all feebler competitors. It is this vivacious peculiarity that constitutes the original sin of all weeds; they are plants that you don't want to grow, but that nevertheless possess qualities and attributes which enable them to oust and overshadow those that you do. Most of the flowers or fruits man selfishly tills for his own base purposes, to smell at or to eat, are more or less exotics in most countries where he tills them. Left to themselves, they would soon be overrun by the hardier natives, the strong and vigorous plants that exactly suit the soil and climate. Therefore cultivation—tell it not to the Cobden Club—consists essentially in the suppression of weeds, or in other words the restriction of free and natural competition. It is protection run rampant. We clear a given space, with plough, spade, hoe, or cutlass, from its native vegetation; we plant the seeds of species that do not normally grow there; and then, as far as possible, we keep down the intrusive aborigines that seek always to return, by continuous toil of hand or instrument. And this is really and truly almost all that anybody means by cultivation.

Man, however, is not the only animal who has discovered this eminently practical division of the vegetable world into weeds on the one hand and garden plants on the other. Our ingenious little six-legged precursors, the ants, have anticipated us in this as in so many other useful discoveries and inventions. They were the first gardeners. I need hardly add that it is an American ant that carries the art of horticulture to the highest perfection; only a Yankee insect would be so advanced, and only Yankee naturalists would be sharp enough to discover its method. This particular little beast who grows grain resides in Texas; and each nest owns a small claim in the vicinity of

its mould, on which it cultivates a kind of grass, commonly known as ant-rice. The claim is circular, about ten or twelve feet in diameter; and the ants allow no plant but the ant-rice to encroach upon the cleared space anywhere. The produce of the crop they carefully harvest, though authorities are still disagreed upon the final question whether they plant the grain, or merely allow it to sow its own seed itself on the protected area. One thing, however, is certain—that no other plant is permitted to sprout on the tabooed patch; the ants wage war on weeds far more vigorously and effectually than our own agriculturists. Even in our less go-ahead eastern continent, Sir John Lubbock has noticed in Algeria (and the present humble observer has verified the fact) that ants allow only certain species of plants, useful to themselves, to grow in the immediate neighborhood of their nests.

But the very fact that we have to root out weeds proves that the weeds, if left to themselves, would live down the plants we prefer to cultivate. Everybody knows that if a garden is allowed to "run wild," as we oddly phrase it, coarse herbs of various kinds—nettles, groundsels, and ragworts—will soon crush out the dahlias, geraniums, and irises with which we formerly stocked it. On the other hand, everybody also knows that very few garden plants, even the hardiest, ever venture to look over the garden wall, ever sow themselves outside and naturalize themselves even in favorable situations. Of course there are exceptions, like the ageratum in Ceylon, or the ivy-leaved toad-flax in England; and to these, the parents of the future cosmopolitan weeds, I shall hereafter address myself. For the present it is sufficient to notice that a weed is a plant capable of living down most other species, and of taking care of itself in free, open situations.

I say of set purpose "in free, open situations," for nobody regards any forest tree or woodland herb as a weed; because such plants don't come into competition with our crops or flowers. To be sure, some of these forestine types are quite as obtrusively pushing, in their own way, and therefore quite as truly weedy at heart, as charlock or couchgrass, those dreaded enemies of the agricultural interest. For example, the beech is a most aggressive and barefaced monopolist—a sort of arboreal Vanderbilt or Jay Gould—and under the dense shade of its closely leaved and spreading branches, no forest tree,

except its own hardy seedlings, stands the faintest chance in the struggle for existence. Even the most unobservant townsman must have noticed (like Tityrus) that the ground is always bare or at best just lightly moss-clad *patula sub tegmine fagi*. It is known, indeed, that in Denmark the beech, with its thick shade of close-set foliage, is driving out the lighter and more sparsely leaved birch in the forests where the two once grew like friends together. At touch of the stronger tree, the slender, silvery birch loses its lower branches, and devotes all its strength at first to its topmost boughs, which fade one after another till it succumbs at last of old age or inanition. So, in a minor degree, among the lower woodland flora of America, the beautiful may-apple, a most poetic plant (which in its compounded form supplies the returned Anglo-Indian with that excellent substitute for his lost liver, podophyllin pills), has large, round leaves, eight or ten inches across, and expanded by ribs from a stalk in the centre exactly after the fashion of a Japanese parasol, on purpose to prevent rival plants that sprout beneath from obtaining their fair share of air and sunshine.

None of these greedy, woodland kinds, however, are weeds for us, because they don't interfere with our own peculiar cultivated plants. Man tills only the open plain; and therefore it is only the wild herbs which naturally grow in the full eye of day that can compete at an advantage with his corn, his turnips, his beet-root, or his sugarcane. Hence arises a curious and very interesting fact, that the greater part of the common weeds of western Europe and America are neither west European nor American at all, but Asiatic or at least Mediterranean in type or origin. Our best-known English wayside herbs are for the most part aliens, and they have come here in the wake of intrusive cultivation.

The reason is obvious. Western Europe and eastern America, in their native condition, were forest-clad regions. When civilized man came with his axe and plough, he cleared and tilled them. Now, the wild flowers and plants that grow beneath the shades of the forest primeval won't bear the open heat of the noonday sun. The consequence is that, whenever the forest primeval is cleared, a new vegetation usurps the soil, a vegetation which necessarily comes from elsewhere. In America, where the substitution is a thing of such very late date, we can trace the limits of the two floras, native and intru-

sive, with perfect ease and certainty. Strange as it sounds to say so, European weeds of cultivation have taken possession of all eastern America to the exclusion of the true native woodland flora almost as fully as the European white man with his horses and cows has taken possession of the soil to the exclusion of the noble Red Indian and his correlative buffalo. The common plants that one sees about New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, are just the familiar dandelions, and thistles, and ox-eye daisies of our own beloved fatherland. In open defiance of the Monroe doctrine, the British weed lords it over the fields of the great republic; the native American plant, like the native American man, has slunk back into the remote and modest shades of far western woodlands. Nay, the native American man himself had noted this coincidence in his Mayne Reidish way before he left Massachusetts for parts unknown; for he called our ugly little English plantain or ribgrass "the white man's foot," and declared that wherever the intrusive pale-face planted his sole, there this European weed sprang up spontaneous, and ousted the old vegetation of the primeval forest. A pretty legend, but, Asa Gray tells us, botanically indefensible.

What is happening to-day under our own eyes (or the eyes of our colonial correspondents) in Australia and New Zealand helps us still further to understand the nature of this strange deluge of ugly and uncouth plants—a deluge which is destined, I believe, to swamp, in time, all the cultivable lowlands of the entire world, and to cover the face of accessible nature before many centuries with a single dead-level of cosmopolitan weediness. When the great southern continent and the great southern island were first discovered, they possessed the most absurdly belated fauna and flora existing anywhere in the whole world. They were hopelessly out of date; a couple of million years or so at least behind the fashion in the rest of the globe. Their plants and animals were of a kind that had "gone out" in Europe about the time when the chalk was accumulating on an inland sea across the face of the South Downs, and the central plain of France and Belgium. It naturally resulted that these antiquated creatures, developed to suit the conditions of the cretaceous world, could no more hold their own against the improved species imported from nineteenth century Europe than the Australian black fellow could hold his own against the noble possessor of the Remington

rifle. European animals and European plants overran this new province with astonishing rapidity. The English rat beat the Maori rat out of the field as soon as he looked at him. The rabbit usurped the broad Australian plains, so that baffled legislators now seek in vain some cheap and effectual means of slaying him wholesale. The horse has become a very weed among animals in Victoria, and the squatters shoot him off in organized battues, merely to check his lawless depredations upon their unfenced sheep-walks.

It is the same with the plants, only, if possible, a little more so. Our petty English knotgrass, which at home is but an insignificant roadside trailer, thrives in the unencumbered soil of New Zealand so hugely that single weeds sometimes cover a space five feet in diameter, and send their roots four feet deep into the rich ground. Our vulgar little sow-thistle, a yellow composite plant with winged seeds like dandelion-down, admirably adapted for dispersal by the wind, covers all the country up to a height of six thousand feet upon the mountain-sides. The watercress of our breakfast tables, in Europe a mere casual brookside plant, chokes the New Zealand rivers with stems twelve feet long, and costs the colonists of Christchurch alone 300*l.* a year in dredging their Avon free from it. Even so small and low-growing a plant as our white clover (which, being excellent fodder, doesn't technically rank as a weed) has completely strangled its immense antagonist, the New Zealand flax, a huge iris-like aloe, with leaves as tall as a British grenadier, and fibres powerful enough to make cords and ropes fit to hang a sheep-stealer. For weeds are genuine Jack-the-Giant-killers in their own way; a very small plant can often live down a very big one, by mere persistent usurpation of leaf-space and root-medium.

Sometimes the origin of these obtrusive settlers in new countries is ridiculously casual. For example, a dirty little English weed of the weediest sort thrives and flourishes abundantly on a remote, uninhabited island of the Antarctic seas. How did it get there? Well, the first observers who found it on the island noticed that it grew in the greatest quantities near a certain spot, which turned out on examination to be the forgotten grave of an English sailor. Here was the solution of that curious mystery in geographical distribution. The grave had of course been dug with a civilized spade; and that spade had presumably been brought from En-

gland. Clinging to its surface at the time it was used were no doubt some little unnoticed clots of British clay, embedded in whose midst was a single seed, that rubbed itself off, it would seem, against the newly dug earth. The embryo germinated, and grew to be a plant; and in a very few years, in that unoccupied soil, the whole island was covered with its numerous descendants. Finding a fair field and no favor, which is the very essence of natural selection, it had been fruitful, and multiplied, and replenished the earth to some purpose, as all weeds will do when no human hand interferes to prevent them.

The greater part of our existing weeds, as I already remarked, come to us, like all the rest of our civilization, good, bad or indifferent, from the remote east. In many cases their country of origin is not even now fully known; they are probably as antique as cultivation itself, contemporaries of the bronze-age or stone-age pioneers, and have spread westward with corn and barley till they have now fairly made a tour of the world, and like all other globe-trotters might consider themselves entitled at last to write a book about their travels. Our little shepherd's-purse is a good typical example of these cosmopolitan voyagers; there is hardly a quarter of the world where it does not now grow in great profusion; yet it is nowhere found far from human habitations; it loves the roadside, the garden, the fallow, the bare patch in towns where the tall board of the eligible building site "lifts its head and lies" with more brazen impudence than even the London monument. Even to-day, nobody knows where this ubiquitous foundling, this gipsy among plants, really comes from. It is a native of nowhere. All that the most authoritative of our botanists can find to tell us about it is that it may be "probably of European or west Asiatic origin, but now one of the commonest weeds in cultivated and waste places, nearly all over the globe without the tropics." Like the rat and the cockroach, it follows civilization in every ship; it spreads its seeds with every sack of corn; and it accompanies the emigrant, in the very dirt of his boots, to every corner of the colonizable earth.

It doesn't necessarily follow, however, that all weeds are ugly or inconspicuous. Some familiar pests, which seem to have been specially developed to suit the exigencies of cornfield cultivation, are both noticeable and handsome. Our scarlet corn-poppies, our blue corn-cockles, our purple corn-campion, are instances in

point; so is the still more brilliant southern cornflag or wild gladiolus that stars, with its tall spikes of crimson blossom, the waving expanse of French and Italian wheat-fields. I think the reason here is that corn is wind-fertilized, so the plants that grow among its tall stems, in order to attract the fertilizing insects sufficiently, have themselves to be tall and very attractive. In other respects, however, it is curious to notice how closely those beautiful weeds have accommodated their habits to the peculiar circumstances of cornfield tillage. The soil is ploughed over once a year; so they are all annuals; roots or bulbs would be crushed or destroyed in the ploughing; they flower with the corn, ripen with the corn, are reaped and thrashed with the corn, and get their seeds sown by the farmer with his seed-corn in spite of his own efforts. One of the most deadly and destructive among them, indeed, the parasitical cow-wheat, which fastens its murderous sucker-like roots to the rootlets of the corn, and saps the life-blood of the standing crop, has gone so far as to produce seeds that exactly imitate a grain of wheat, and can only accurately be distinguished from the honest grains among which they lurk by a close and discriminative botanical scrutiny. This is one of the best instances known of true mimicry in the vegetable world, and it is as successful in the greater part of Europe as such wicked schemes always manage to be.

Still, as a rule, weeds undoubtedly *are* weedy-looking; they are the degraded types that can drag out a miserable existence somehow in open sunlit spots, with short allowance of either soil or water. Most of them have fly-away feathery seeds, like thistles, dandelion, groundsel, and coltsfoot; all of them have advanced means of dispersion of one sort or another, which ensure their going everywhere that wind or water, beast or bird, or human hands can possibly carry them. Some, like burrs and tick-seed, stick into the woolly fleeces of sheep or goats, and get rubbed off in time against trees or hedges; others, like the most dangerous Australian pest, are eaten by parrots, who distribute the undigested seeds broadcast. A great many have stings, like the nettle, or are prickly, like thistles, or at least are rough and unpleasantly hairy, like comfrey, hemp-nettle, borage, and bugloss. The weediest families are almost all disagreeably hirsute, with a tendency to run off into spines and thorns or other aggressive weapons on the slightest provocation.

Their flowers are usually poor and inconspicuous, because weedy spots are not the favorite feeding grounds of bees and butterflies, to whose æsthetic intervention we owe the greater number of our most beautiful blossoms; indeed, a vast majority of weeds show an inclination to go back to the low habit of self-fertilization (long cast aside by the higher plants), which always involves the production of very grubby and wretched little flowers. As a whole, in short, the weedy spirit in plants resembles the slummy or urban spirit in humanity; the same causes that produce the one produce the other, and the results in either case tend to assimilate in a striking manner.

Till very recently, the cosmopolitan weed was for the most part one of Mediterranean or west Asiatic origin. It could at least claim to be a foster-brother and contemporary of nascent civilization, a countryman of the Pharaohs, the Senacheribs, or the Achæmenids. Of late years, however, new weeds from parts unknown, without pedigree or historical claims, are beginning to push their way to the front, and to oust these comparatively noble descendants of Egyptian and Mesopotamian ancestors. The Great West is turning the tables upon us at last, and sending us a fresh crop of prairie weeds of its own devising, as it now threatens us also with the caucous, the convention, and the Colorado beetle. A return-wave of emigration from west to east is actually in progress; and in weeds, this return-wave promises in the end to assume something like gigantic proportions. Many years ago, the great Boston botanist, Asa Gray, prophesied its advent, and his prophecy has ever since gone on fulfilling itself at the usual rapid rate of all American phenomena, social or natural.

It is easy enough to see why the western weeds should have the best of it in the end, under a *régime* of universal civilization. Eastern America, this side the Alleghanies, was a forest-clad region till a couple of centuries since; and when its forests were cleared, French and English vegetation supplanted the native woodland flora. But the Mississippi valley had been from the very beginning a vast basin of treeless prairie-land; and on these sun-smitten prairies, innumerable stout plants of the true weedy sort had such elbow-room to grow and compete with one another as nowhere else in the whole world, save perhaps on the similar South American pampas. Here, then, the struggle

for existence among field-weeds would be widest and fiercest; here the most perfect adaptations of plant life to meadow or pasture conditions would be sure to evolve themselves; here the weed would naturally reach the very highest pitch of pre-natural and constitutional weediness. As long, however, as the forest intervened between the open prairies and the eastern farms, these rude western weeds had no chance of spreading into the sunny crofts and gardens of the neat New England farmer. But when once the flowing tide of civilization reached the prairie district, a change came o'er the spirit of the coneflower's or the tick-seed's dream. By the cutting down of the intermediate forest belt, man had turned these adventurous plants into vegetable Alexanders, who found new worlds, hitherto unsuspected, before them to conquer. They were equal to the occasion. The prairie vegetation set out on its travels eastward, to reach, and soon I believe to cross in its thousands the barrier of the Atlantic.

The railways helped the prairie migrants greatly on their eastward march; indeed, what is the good of railways if it isn't to facilitate communication between place and place? And the run of the railways exactly suited the weeds, for almost all the great trunk lines of America lie due east and west, so as to bring the corn and pork of the Mississippi valley to the great shipping ports of the Atlantic seaboard. But they brought the pests of agriculture just as well. The waste spaces along their sides form everywhere beautiful nurseries for weeds to multiply in; and the prevailing north-west winds, which in America blow on an average three days out of four the year round, carried their winged seeds bravely onward towards the unconscious farms of Pennsylvania and Connecticut. Another way, however, in which the prairie plagues spread even more insidiously was by the eastern farmer using western seed, in the innocence of his heart, to sow his fields with, and thus introducing the foe in full force with his own hands into his doomed domain. One of the worst pests of Wisconsin and Minnesota has thus been naturalized in Canada through the use of western cloverseed. Some twenty years ago, prairie weeds were unknown everywhere along the Atlantic seaboard; now, they dispute possession with the European buttercups, dandelions, or goose-foots, and will soon, in virtue of their sturdier and stringier prairie constitution, habituated to long drought or broiling sunshine, live down

those damp-loving and dainty cis-Atlantic weeds.

In time, too, they must reach Europe; and here they will in many cases almost entirely swamp our native vegetation. In fact I think there can be little doubt that, with the increase of intercourse all over the world, a few hardy cosmopolitan weeds must tend in the long run to divide the empire of life, and map out the cultivable plains of the globe between them. Symptoms of this tendency have long been noted, and are growing clearer and clearer every day before our eyes. Weeds are keeping well abreast of the march of intellect, and are marching, too, wherever (like the missionaries) they find a door opened in front of them. In fact, they stand in the very van of progress, and sometimes spread even into uncivilized tracts as fast as the salvationist, the slave-trader, and the dealer in rum, rifles, and patent medicines generally.

Now, every country, however uncivilized, has a few true weeds of its own—local plants which manage to live on among the cleared spaces by the native huts, or in the patches of yam, Indian corn, and plantain. The best of these weeds—that is to say, the weediest—may be able to compete in the struggle for life even with the well-developed and fully equipped plagues of more cultivated countries. Thus, even before the opening out of the prairie region, a few American plants of the baser sort had already established themselves by hook or by crook in Europe, and especially in the dry and congenial Mediterranean region. I don't count cases like that of the Canadian riverstopper, the plant that clogs with its long, waving tresses all our canals and navigable streams, because there the advantage of Canada, with its endless network of sluggish waterways, is immediately obvious; a plant developed under such special conditions must almost certainly live down with ease and grace our poor little English crowfoots and brookweeds. But the Canadian fleabane, a scrubby, dusty, roadside annual, with endless little fluffy fruits as light as air, has, for more than a century, held its own in the greatest abundance as a highway vagabond in almost all temperate and hot climates; while the Virginian milkweed, also favored by its cottony seeds, is now as common in many parts of the Old World as in the barren parts of its native continent. I don't doubt that in time these picked weeds of all the open lowland regions, but more especially those of the

prairies, the pampas, the steppes, and the veldt, will overrun the greater part of the habitable globe. They are the fittest for their own particular purpose, and fitness is all that nature cares about. We shall thus lose a great deal in picturesque variety between country and country, because the main features of the vegetation will be everywhere the same, no matter where we go, as they already are in Europe and eastern America. *Toujours perdrix* is bad enough, but *toujours lait d'âne* — always sow-thistle — is surely something too horrible to contemplate.

Nevertheless, the symptoms of this dead-level cosmopolitanization of the world's flora abound to the discerning eye everywhere around us. At least three North American weeds have already made good their hold in England, and one of them, the latest comer, a harmless little *Claytonia* from the north-western States, is spreading visibly every year under my own eyes in my own part of Surrey. Thirty years ago Mr. Brewer, of Reigate, noted with interest in his garden at that town the appearance of a small exotic *Veronica*; the "interesting" little plant is now by far a commoner pest in all the fields of southern England than almost any one of our native knotweeds, thistles, or charlocks. The Peruvian *galinsoga* (I apologize for its not having yet acquired an English name; our farmers will find one for it before many years) has spread immensely in Italy and the Riviera, and now grows quite commonly wild on the roadsides about Kew, whence it will swoop in time with devouring effect upon the surrounding counties. Elsewhere in the world our European thistles have usurped whole thousands of square miles in the plains of La Plata, while in Australia the South African capeweed, a most pugnacious composite, has rendered vast areas of sheep-walk unfit for grazing. These are but a few out of thousands of instances which might easily be given of the way in which the cosmopolitan weed is driving out the native vegetation all over the world, just as the brown rat of the lower Volga has driven out the old black rat in every civilized land, and as the European house-fly and the Asiatic cockroach have driven out the less pestiferous flies, crickets, and midges of most other countries.

Finally, let us give the devil his due. These weeds do not necessarily in every case live down all kinds of cultivated plants; it is an open fight between them, in which victory inclines sometimes to one

side and sometimes to the other. Thus sorrel and knotweed are terrible plagues in New Zealand, but they yield at last to judicious treatment if the ground is thoroughly sown with red clover. On the other hand, though white clover is strong enough to live down all the native New Zealand weeds, if our coarsest English hawkweed once gets into the soil, with its deep taproot and its many-winged seeds, the clover is nowhere in the hopeless struggle with that most masterful composite. Once more, Mr. Wallace tells us that the capeweed, long considered "unexterminable" in Australia, has succumbed, after many trials, to the dense herbage formed by cultivated lucerne and choice grasses. In this way man will have to fight and conquer the cosmopolitan weed all the world over when its time comes, and will succeed in the end. But his commercial and agricultural success will be but a small consolation after all to the lover of nature for that general vulgarization and equalization of the world's flora which universal culture and increased intercourse must almost of necessity bring in their train to every quarter of the habitable globe.

From Murray's Magazine.

THE MINISTER OF KINDRACH.

CHAPTER VII.

DAVID's interview with Mrs. Dewar the following day was productive of many tears, and frequent repetitions of the conviction that she — Mrs. Dewar — considered Silvia "an unnatural child," "an ungrateful girl," and "a disgrace to her family." Her sympathies were wholly given to David — as he had been grimly aware, from the commencement of this unfortunate affair, they would be. He had not been Mrs. Dewar's spiritual adviser and intimate acquaintance for all these years without taking her measure to a nicety. He made no mention of his suspicions concerning John White (he still entertained suspicions, notwithstanding Silvia's communication respecting the attitude of John White towards her cousin May), or of the remarkably aggressive attitude Mrs. Porter had chosen to adopt; he attributed Silvia's unaccountable change towards him, and her desire to end the engagement existing between them, entirely to a giddiness and loss of sense brought about by the foolishness, frivolity, and worldliness of her late surroundings. In-

sensibly he left the impression on Mrs. Dewar's bewildered mind that now, in the quiet, wholesome, God-fearing atmosphere of Kindrach, to which he had so promptly restored the straying lamb, things would recover their balance — would even be as they were before this fateful visit to London. He knew that he had planted the germs of this hope in Mrs. Dewar's mind, and though he had calmly and firmly abandoned all thought of making Silvia his wife, still he left Mrs. Dewar in undisturbed possession of the consoling fancy, knowing that through that alone could he hope to count on her co-operation in the just and righteous punishment it was meet that Silvia should undergo. He had heard and heeded those oft-repeated words Mrs. Porter had let fall between her farewell kisses and embraces — all bearing on the one idea of the restoration of Silvia to the unholy joys of Lancaster Gate, after the complete annihilation of the obnoxious and persistent suitor. He was grimly determined that no such triumph should be theirs. He told himself firmly that for Silvia to return to London meant a return to sinfulness, and careless oblivion of her soul's welfare; therefore, as a minister, he was bound to do his utmost to rescue her, even against her will, from such terrible consequences. This he believed with all sincerity and solemnity from the "minister's" point of view; but the "man" underlay the "minister," and in his heart he knew that the carnal passions of jealousy, anger, revenge, had more to say in the matter than the holy tenderness of a pitiful desire to save and sustain the stumbling steps of a straying sinner.

Silvia met her mother's peevish, tearful outburst of anger and remonstrance in that spirit of stubborn silence she had called to her aid, and bewildered Mrs. Dewar even further by refusing to say one word on the subject. Her elder sisters, a little jealous of the pretty things she had brought back with her, and irritated by a certain undefinable air of superiority — a sense of removal from their orbit — which she unconsciously displayed, joined cause against her, and sided with their mother and David. Therefore she retired still further into herself, maintaining inviolable her attitude of dignified reserve, which a little tenderness and pity, or kindly interest, would have soon swept aside.

The letter Mrs. Porter wrote to her sister about Silvia's affairs served only to still further bewilder that unfortunate woman. It contained much that was not flattering to the minister of Kindrach; it

spoke of Silvia's youth, and the natural desire of youth to see the world, and be seen by the world; it contrasted, in a forcible sentence or two, the delights of London with the paleness of existence at Kindrach, and the unnaturalness of condemning such a pretty young thing as Silvia to such an existence by permitting her to tie herself permanently to David Fairfax. But there was nothing in the letter to induce Mrs. Dewar to reconsider the matter, or adopt any other view than the one David had already provided her with. It was all very well for her sister to talk in that strain; but here was Silvia throwing away the chance of a good husband, and a comfortable home — and for what? Just for nothing. Young people no doubt liked all that London and Mrs. Porter could give them, but in this case this particular young person might easily be very content with all that Kindrach and David Fairfax offered. If her sister liked to take Silvia altogether, very well and good; but no allusion was made to any scheme of that sort — in the mean time she was not going to permit her daughter to throw away the comfortable substance of a respectable, solid marriage, for the very shadowy advantages offered by an occasional visit to her Aunt Porter. At the cottage, life, therefore, scarcely "flowed in harmonious cadence." It was too often, to quote the gentle Cowper, —

Roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
Which humor interposed, too often makes.

Much tearful, impotent, and violent discussion broke the harmony which had, on the whole, been hitherto fairly complete, if not altogether perfect. At the manse things were hardly better, though there was no undignified display of futile temper. Aunt Muir's ceaseless "wonderings," which she dared only express to Janet, remained forever unsatisfied, for David entered into none but the barest explanations. Mrs. Dewar, when adroitly questioned by Aunt Muir skirmishing for information, relapsed into tears and vagueness. Silvia never came near them, and scarcely spoke if they chanced to meet, and took pains that these chance meetings should be of the rarest.

The world of Kindrach looked on and wondered, but by degrees a conclusion was adopted. "It will be just a lovers' quarrel," they thought consolingly, and as time went on the subject lost its first interest and slipped into the background of public affairs, the question whether Janet Muir would or would not become Mrs.

James McKenna taking the more prominent place.

Aunt Muir was sitting in the summer twilight by the open window of the house-place, through which the smell of freshly cut hay, and the fragrance of flowers wet with the evening dew, came stealing sweetly. She was idle for once, with her ever-busy hands folded on her capacious white gown, furtively watching David walking slowly and thoughtfully up and down between the window and fireplace filled by Janet with newly gathered bracken. As he approached her for the fourth or fifth time, she flung back her broad ribbon cap-strings and gave her head a small toss.

"Ye've no had the curiosity to ask hoo the warld has been treating us whilst ye were awa' up in the town yonder?" she said with some meaning.

"Nay," returned David sarcastically. "Has anything wonderfu' happened? things look verri ordinary to me."

"Oh ay, things look," retorted his aunt enigmatically; "but whiles things happen."

"Ay, ay!" returned David with a sigh, thinking of all that had befallen him in the short enclosure of one week. "Ay, ay!" he repeated gloomily.

"It's just James McKenna and Janet," his aunt hastened to say, her mystery and enigmas taking to themselves wings at sight of his gloom. David raised his head with all his old alert keenness.

"An' what about James McKenna and Janet?" he asked quickly.

"It's no onything to be angered aboot, David," said Aunt Muir a little uncertainly, "it's what we may all be proud and glad to hear. He has askit her hand in marriage."

Aunt Muir brought out her last sentence with formal solemnity and precision.

"An' Janet?" queried David.

"Janet has'n a said her say yet. She will give no answer until he returns frae Inverness. Ye ken he's heard o' a fine kirk there, and has gone to preach his trial sermon?"

Aunt Muir continued speaking, entering discursively into the minutest details of her daughter's love affair, whilst her nephew resumed his heavy, aimless walk in deep silence.

He spoke to Janet a little later on the subject. She was setting the table for supper, stepping about in the quiet deft way so familiar to him, but striking him to-night with the peculiar force of a fresh revelation.

The blood rushed to her fair, smooth forehead when James McKenna's name passed his lips, but she replied to all he had to say with great composure, though at the same time tacitly declining to enter into any confidences on the subject. So reticent and composed was she, in fact, that David grew angry, and rushed into another matter which had rankled in his mind against her for some time.

"What ailed ye to give mah mother's chain to Siller? Ah should ha' thought if ye did'n a value it as a present from me — which was scarcely to be expectit, ye would have set some store by it, seein' it was hers. Ye wouldn't have been much out o' pocket if ye had bought Siller some little thing, instead o' just handin' her mah mother's chain."

He had grown angry, partly with the gathering force of his own argument and partly also because he recollected sundry little tender passages to which he had descended on the occasion of the presentation of the chain — that his cousin should have shown herself so carelessly oblivious of his condescension wounded him not a little. Janet's eyes filled with sudden tears. The little discussion respecting James McKenna had been extremely painful and trying, and now the terrible view David was taking of her little sacrificial offering at the shrine of his future wife was too much. That he should think she did it out of a spirit of niggardly penurious economy!

"I gave Siller the chain," she said gently, "*because* it was your mither's. It seemed to me to belong to her naturally. Ye ken, David," raising her soft grey eyes clouded with tears, "ye have done me an injustice to say I did it to save money."

"Ah ken nothing," he retorted crossly, vexed with himself for causing his cousin's rare tears, and half disposed to confess his aimless irritability and bring back her ordinary placidity by some little cousinly caress — a pat on the hand, or shoulder. He had never kissed her since his return from college, a raw-boned, half-fledged young man, considering himself too old to indulge in such antics. "Ah ken naething, naething at a' aboot wimmin an' their tricky ways. They're just enigmas, an', mah wurd! enigmas not worth solving."

His anger and irritability were aroused very easily in these days.

This was the first slap in the face dealt him by fortune, and she dealt it with hearty good-will. He had lost his promised wife, and was about to lose his gentle cousin,

and, worse still, he had lost his self-respect. His conscience was burdened with an uneasy sense of guilt, such as he had never before experienced, and it affected his whole life. His work about the farm lost its interest. His intercourse with his parishioners, the whole work of the ministry was touched and suffered by this deadening consciousness of sin, nursed, fed, and kept warm with unceasing care, and, as week followed week, it wrapped his spirit in a closer, more stifling embrace. He had been very ardent in the preparation of his Sabbath discourses. The emphatic prayers he poured forth in kirk had been a source of joy and comfort to himself as well as to his people, and though there had always perhaps been a sense of effort in his endeavors, it had only served to stimulate him to overcome any and every obstacle; but now all that was changed. The effort remained — the stimulus had departed — and as time went on a certain deadness and coldness in their pastor's ministrations became apparent to his congregation. He was conscious of the severely critical attitude adopted of late by his elders, and this knowledge hampered his painful exertions even further. And there came a Sabbath — a never-to-be-forgotten Sabbath — when, distrusting his failing powers, he had been compelled to commit the whole of his discourse to paper, and stood up in his pulpit, for the first time, to preach a *written sermon*. His eyes fell, almost abashed, when he saw the startled look in Janet's face as she caught sight of the closely written manuscript from their pew beside the pulpit. Few if any other eyes noticed the dreadful evidence of his weakness, but David felt desperately as if the climax had been reached. What lay beyond the climax he was dully unable to say.

James McKenna did not succeed in obtaining the kirk at Inverness, and for some weeks little more was heard of him; but one day he returned to Kindrach — very red, bashful, and full of hope. He had obtained the pastorate of a very fine kirk in Aberdeen. He and Janet had a long interview in the best parlor, from which the young minister emerged, pale, erect, silent, and hopeless. Janet seized a shawl and fled from the house, though it was still early in the day and all her work lay unfinished, but she felt she must be alone. It had been dreadful to her gentle nature to inflict such suffering as she and the best parlor had witnessed that morning. She doubted now the wisdom of her silence — she ought at once to have said

that she could not be his wife. But she had feared the refusal coming on the eve of his ordeal at Inverness would perhaps render him unfit to preach the sermon, upon which so much depended, effectually. Now she saw her deferred answer had given the young man much false hope and confidence. With eyes full of tears, and a heart very sore and tender, troubled by the woes of poor red-headed James McKenna, she walked swiftly away from the manse, away from the road to civilization on to the moors.

She was not the only distressed human being who sought the soothing influence of the silent moors. Silvia's heart-sick spirit drove her there day after day. Besides the weariness of her complete isolation, and the petty strife arising from her rupture with David, she had another and far surpassing trouble. She had returned — or rather been forcibly restored to Kindrach by David late in June; it was now August, and *he* had not come. Letters from London had been very rare, though very kind, chatty, and discursive when they did come, with always that dim far-off suggestion (in the postscript), that Silvia was to return *some day*. She had written in reply several of her vague, childish, half-expressed little notes to her aunt, conveying the intelligence in indifferent English, and still more indifferent spelling — that she was no longer engaged to David Fairfax, and that her mother was very angry, and that they were all very unkind, and that she was very unhappy. But very shortly after her niece's abrupt departure Mrs. Porter had been completely absorbed in her daughter's affairs, which gradually reached a crisis, after a considerable period of doubt, disorder, and distress, and Silvia's little communications received but scant attention. The crisis in Miss Porter's affairs was reached a little while before the event which drove Janet, bareheaded, and with all her day's work neglected, on to the moors. Silvia had that morning received the first intelligence of the consummation of her cousin's hopes. The mail cart, which visited Kindrach every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, had — this especial day being Monday — deposited James McKenna at the manse, and a letter for Silvia at the cottage. She never showed these occasional letters to her mother and sisters, but read them in solitude, jealously guarding any intrusion into the sacred precincts of that precious memory, and they, looking upon that visit to London as the undoing of Silvia, somewhat ostentatiously,

and with noses virtually tilted in the air, expressed no curious desire to penetrate the mysteries these letters possibly revealed. On this occasion, however, Silvia, after reading her aunt's letter in the privacy of her own little room, took it with flushed eagerness to her mother. It contained, besides the news of May's engagement to and approaching marriage with John White, the long-deferred invitation she had desired so ardently. She was to come to town as soon as possible, so the letter said, and be one of May's bridesmaids. Her aunt, as before, undertaking all expenses.

"I may go, mother," she urged, "may I not?" Mrs. Dewar's upper lip lengthened ominously. She was uncertain, and a little bewildered as usual; her two elder daughters were out, and, left to her own unaided efforts, decision was difficult. She became severely stern, relapsed into some curious questionings respecting the Porters and their ways — then, ashamed of her weakness, she waived decision until she had learned what "the others" had to say. "The others," Silvia knew, represented David solely. Her sisters' small hostilities would have had but little weight or duration but for that invisible force at work in the background. David pulled the strings, she was fully aware, and her mother and sisters danced like puppets in obedience to his turns and twists. She rushed feverishly off to the moors, longing for complete solitude wherein she could consider calmly. What could she do? She felt tied and bound by the unseen but galling chain David had skilfully cast about her life. It was ridiculous, it was absurd, it was humiliating that she could take no step to right or left without his permission, but that such was the case she dumbly acknowledged, as an undeniable, insurmountable fact. All she had to consider now was — was it not possible to get beyond the reach of this intangible, wearying bondage? Two ways presented themselves to her imagination, as she walked rapidly over the springy turf, gathering sprigs of heather, merely to crush the tiny blossoms, in her nervous meditateness. The first attracted her most, but she put it aside as a last resource; the second was distasteful in the extreme, and would in all probability be wholly ineffectual. It resolved itself into the question: "Should she appeal to David and ask consideration at his hands?"

Surely he was content now? Surely his desire to punish her for her behavior towards him must be amply satisfied?

But the thought of re-opening that old question, of recalling that dreadful experience, was terrible to her; and yet on the other hand far more terrible was the idea of being compelled to decline her aunt's invitation and thus lose her only chance of meeting Mr. Willett. True there was that other alternative she had thought of, but it was rather a desperate remedy, and she would prefer trying first the effect of an appeal to David's better feelings. It was at this point in her reflections that she and Janet met out alone on the open moors; with their hurrying, contrasting tumult of thoughts as wide as the poles asunder, and yet thrown together by a common bond of humanity — suffering.

Silvia's was a wholly subjective state; herself and her own needs occupying the limited area of her mental horizon. Janet's completely objective, entangled entirely in the needs of those around her. The primary object on which she was expending herself at this moment being James McKenna.

"Siller," she said gently, not knowing what attitude the girl would take. "Siller, will ye no speak to me?"

Silvia had meditated maintaining her reserve and coldness of demeanor, but something in Janet's gentle wistfulness made her throw it aside.

"Oh, Janet!" she said, holding out both hands, "oh, Janet, I am so miserable!"

Janet drew her close with a tender, almost motherly, clasp. No appeal for sympathy failed to touch at once her warm, loving nature. She soothed, patted, and consoled the girl with those little words, and motions, and half-articulate sounds women use with children in distress, and as Silvia felt a sensation of comfort stealing into her sad little soul, and abandoned herself more fully to the delight of being once again made much of, the thought of constituting Janet her ambassador came into her head. Without waiting to consider the question further, she put the matter before Janet in her own incoherent, excited way.

"Oh, Janet, it's David!" she said. "Ask him to forgive me — tell him I'm sorry — oh, so very, very sorry, but ask him to forget all that has passed, and forgive me now. If he only knew what I have suffered all these weeks; and oh, Janet! I have suffered — agony, torture! I am so thin! You would never believe how thin I have become. My dresses absolutely hang in bags — and I can't sleep at night; and the days are so lonely

and wretched. They are all so cross with me at home about David, and I know I deserve it every bit; but if he would only let bygones be bygones? Ask him, Janet, will you? — will you?"

Janet's pats, and little smoothings had grown less and less, and finally ceased as this rapid request was laid before her. She looked earnestly into Silvia's eager face.

"You should ask that at his hands yourself, Siller; it's not my place to interfere."

"Oh! it's not interference, it's not interference!" broke out Silvia passionately, afraid that Janet was going to decline the mission of ambassador. "He thinks so much of you and what you say, and will listen to you when he wouldn't hear a word from me. He is too angry with me; I can't go on living like this! Oh, Janet, please say yes!"

It ended in Janet's saying *yes*, but Silvia little guessed what it cost her.

CHAPTER VIII.

THESE last few weeks had thrown David and Janet into a closer confidence and intimacy than they had known during all the preceding years they had lived together. She had been so patient with his unreasonable fits of anger and irritation; so soothing in his moments of depression, so upholding in this time of weakness generally. And all this he had recognized, for once, fully. She, on her side, had felt he turned to her, confided in her, looked for her assistance, and the knowledge temporarily exalted her out of her ordinary state of sweet humility. Beneath his gracious acceptance of what she had to offer her nature expanded, enlarged. She was different, and knew that she was different. Her love for him had grown with her growth, and could not now be calmly pressed into the background as she had so pressed it when he brought Siller to the manse and re-introduced her as his future wife. His love for Silvia, which she had never believed very profound, seemed now to have wholly disappeared under the strain of this strange misunderstanding which had arisen in London, and which no one appeared to be able to fathom. And Silvia's love for David, on the other hand, she had reckoned a light, ephemeral, passing delight in the dignity of an engagement. Now she acknowledged that she must have been mistaken. Silvia evidently loved him; but it was hard, oh, how hard! that she must plead to David to restore this pretty, tearful child to the place which Janet's heart told

her she could fill far more satisfactorily. But here a new fear assailed her. She had complacently assured herself as to Silvia's lack of affection for David, and how mistaken she had been! Might she not be equally mistaken in the view she had chosen to adopt with regard to David's feelings for Silvia?

For long she fought and struggled. Why should she move in the matter at all? David and Silvia had marred their own affairs unaided, let them mend them unaided. It was the hardest difficulty yet presented to her among the complex enigmas of life — but through all the vain reasonings and questionings, through all the pain and longing, as the dream of the last few weeks crumbled and vanished, she knew very well that she would do her best for Silvia Dewar. Pity, duty to God and her neighbor, pride, even her very love for the man urged it upon her and pointed out the path she should tread.

She went straight to the little room David used as a sort of study and workshop combined, directly she reached the manse; no trace of the conflict she had passed through about her except perhaps in the stillness and quiet of her manner.

He was in his shirt-sleeves, sawing vigorously at a bit of wood, destined for a bookshelf. He continued his work at first while she spoke — the scratching and rasping of the saw against the tough plank seeming to reach Janet's very brain. But as he gathered what she was speaking about he ceased, and straightening himself, stood listening intently as with simple directness she laid Silvia's request before him, adding a few gentle words of her own on behalf of the girl whose cause she was advocating. The interview ended without Janet's being able to say what attitude David intended adopting. But that he was pleased she knew by the expression of dominant triumph. He made no remark, however, as Janet left him. A little later the saw began to work again with renewed energy, and presently David's deep, toneless voice was heard gruffly accompanying the even rhythmic motions of the saw with fragmentary portions of "Auld Lang Syne," the only tune he knew. Listening to his long-drawn-out rendering of the mournful old song, Janet knew that he was more than pleased. She turned away to pick up her neglected duties, and in the scouring of milk-pans and dusting of furniture find what solace she could. Silvia, with instinctive faith in Janet, returned to the cottage, waited all that afternoon and the best part of the following

day for David's appearance. In the evening he came — having delayed so as to avoid any suspicion of over-anxiety on his part for reconciliation. Mrs. Dewar and her two elder daughters established themselves in the kitchen, after sending Silvia, at David's request, to him alone in the parlor. They waited with a sense of pleased anticipation, expecting much from this interview; ^{and} whispering together and listening for stray sounds from the parlor.

"Janet has given me your message," he said, and Silvia through all her nervousness was a little surprised by the air of triumph which pervaded the man like an invisible atmosphere; though his manner was quiet and ponderous as usual.

In truth David was triumphant. Silvia's obduracy had acted on him like a sting, an irritating insect bite; he had been amazed at the stubborn tenacity she had shown, at the power of resistance she had developed — her capitulation, therefore, was all the more agreeable. That she should have taken the initiative in London and desired a termination of their relationship had also galled him. Through sheer obstinacy he had held her to her word, and so lost the opportunity of withdrawing with dignity, as he had proposed doing, when what he considered the right moment came; but Silvia had forestalled him. Now the tables appeared to be on the turn — the long-delayed vindication of his dignity approached within measurable distance.

"Yes," said Silvia in answer to his remark. "Yes," she said, adding nervously, "and you will let bygones be bygones?"

"To a certain point ah'm willing," he said cautiously. "Mah forgiveness and my friendship I can honestly promise to extend to ye, Siller, but after what happened at your Aunt Porter's there can be no taking up of the old relations. Ah canna bring myself yet quite to forget some o' the wurd's ye spoke then; there can be no question of marriage, ye understand — no renewal —"

"Marriage!" she cried, affronted at the tone he was taking, and heedlessly throwing aside the humbly submissive role she had intended playing. "What are you talking about? Have I not made you understand yet how I hate the very thought of that odious engagement? It isn't marriage, or — or — anything of that sort. I only want you to stop persecuting me as you have been doing, to leave my mother and sisters alone, and not thrust yourself into our affairs, turning them against me,

and making my life wretched. You know you have done this," she asserted vehemently, her eyes bright and angry. "If you call *that* being good, and doing your duty, and acting like a Christian, I don't — I call it mean, underhand, cowardly!"

Mrs. Dewar, hearing the sound of Silvia's raised, indignant voice, thought she had better interpose the restraining influence of a third party, and at this point entered the parlor; Silvia recognizing that, through her loss of temper, she had, as it were, burnt her boats, determined that she would fling David, and David's galling supremacy to the winds. A conciliatory course was no longer possible — she could hope for nothing now at his hands — therefore she indulged herself by letting loose unrestrainedly all her pent-up feeling in a tirade which fairly frightened her amazed mother, though it left David apparently as impenetrably unmoved as ever, though she recapitulated her situation and left it very evident that — if no one else had seen through him and his course of action — she had, and that she was fully alive to the despicableness of such a man.

"Whatever happens, you, and you alone, are to blame." With which last remark levelled full at David she left the room and fled up-stairs.

Mrs. Dewar had to be restored to her normal condition by the united efforts of Lesbia, Kate, and the teapot; but her nerves remained shaky, or, as she expressed it, "twitchy," for the rest of the evening; therefore when Silvia, with a pale face and a look of set determination, appealed once more to be allowed to accept her aunt's invitation, it was scarcely surprising that Mrs. Dewar's poor "twitchy" nerves could bear no further excitement without giving way. They did give way gustily and unreasonably, the upshot being a very emphatic denial of Silvia's petition.

Janet dimly gathered from David's austerity and gloom that he and Silvia had not come to a satisfactory understanding.

On the following Wednesday night, the three inhabitants of the manse were seated as usual in the parlor. Supper was over, prayers had been read. And in this, the last half-hour before bedtime, they were enjoying the peaceful rest of a concluded day. David was smoking, Janet knitting a little idly, and Aunt Muir was reading aloud with much gusto, her spectacles at the extreme top of her nose, bits from the bi-weekly paper left by the mail-cart that afternoon. Into their midst, without any ceremony of knocking for

admittance, suddenly broke Kate Dewar, with a shawl thrown hastily over her head. Of all the Dewars, Kate was the only one who could go directly to the point of the matter without much vague circumlocution.

"Have you seen anything of Silvia?" she cried, panting a little after her run up the cobbled road from the cottage. "Mother is almost frantic; she went out directly after dinner on the moors as usual, and she has not returned yet."

They were all roused at once, Aunt Muir being especially eager and excited.

"Eh, mah wurd! the moors in this awfu' meest!" she cried.

It was the expression of the fear they all felt. During the latter part of the afternoon a white, impenetrable, almost suffocating cloud of mist had been creeping stealthily across the moors, and for some hours had blotted out all trace of track or landmark. David went to the door; nothing but waving, shadowy, ghostly whiteness could be seen.

"Eh, my patience!" ejaculated Aunt Muir, peering over his shoulder, "it's awfu'!"

"If it hadn't been for the lights in the cottages I couldn't have found my way even this little distance," said Kate, with a touch of awe and dread in her tone.

Janet brought David's plaid and cap to him quietly, action with her always accompanying thought, and fitted a couple of candles into the lanterns; then wrapping herself in a heavy plaid, she, David, and Kate started down the irregular street leading to the cottage, leaving Aunt Muir and "Auld Betty" to bustle about, lighting roaring fires, and filling the boilers, in vague anticipation of a sudden call later on for hot water and heated blankets. Janet came in about twelve, bringing poor distracted Mrs. Dewar and the two frightened girls with her; but David, with half the population of Kindrach, remained out on the moors searching for the missing girl all that night and the next day. Late in the evening he came back to the manse, for a few hours' rest, looking strained and weary. Mrs. Dewar, who had been oscillating between hope and despair, fell upon him with tears and ejaculations.

"Oh, David, my child!" she cried between her sobs. "It's a just punishment for our hardness and cruelty to her all these weeks. Have you no news—none?" lifting her faded eyes to his, so like the lost Silvia's, dimmed and dull with incessant weeping, "then she is dead. She cannot have lived out in that terrible

cold mist all night, or she has fallen in Kindrach bog! I cannot forgive myself. I never shall, or you either, David Fairfax," turning with a little faint burst of weak rage upon him. "If it hadn't been for you I should have been kinder to the child; between us we have driven her to her death!"

Janet took her away gently, and persuaded her to lie down on the wide old settle, and set her mother to try to soothe the poor thing's distraction.

When David prepared to set out once again to continue the search which began to look so hopeless, Janet pulled her plaid about her.

"We have been in separate parties over the moor for many miles," he said gloomily, drawing his cap over his eyes. "Dinna come, Janet, ye can do no good."

"Ah, let me, David," she said; and as he made no reply, she stepped out of the house beside him. She never forgot the eerie loneliness of their solitary night tramp, broken with occasional pauses for short rests. Now and then they met some of the other searchers, but no one had any news of the missing Silvia. So the night wore on, and dawn was breaking in a tremulous glow of faintly tinted pearly light as they neared the Kindrach bog.

They were not far from home, as they had taken a circuitous way, and Janet remembered, with a little rush of pain, that it was here Silvia had made her promise to intercede with David. How small the feelings which possessed her then looked now, in comparison with this very real dread which lay at her heart!

The path, a mere sheep-track, ran parallel with the long stretch of treacherous, green morass, its smooth surface broken here and there, showing a thick, clinging ooze of black, absorbing mud. There were ghastly memories in the minds of some of the older inhabitants connected with the name of Kindrach bog; do what she would, Janet could not drive the stories she had heard from childhood out of her remembrance. Silvia was well acquainted with the geography of Kindrach bog; but in that enveloping mist and after nightfall what might not have happened? Walking a little behind David she kept glancing fearfully ahead, beset with dreads she would not analyze. Suddenly she sprang past David, who had stopped to put out the candle in the lantern, no longer necessary as the dawn brightened. She came back to him, a look of horror in her white face.

"It's Siller's," she said, holding up a

sodden bit of blue silk; "it's her neckerchief." She recalled, with a sensation of sick dizziness, seeing it last round Silvia's throat. Whilst listening to Silvia's request, she remembered perfectly the desire her neat fingers had felt to straighten and tidy the straying bows and ends of this same blue tie. David took it from her, looking at it curiously; as if it could tell him anything! Then his gaze strayed to the waving grasses of the green bog, touched by the first light of day with a dewy, peaceful beauty. Then his eye met Janet's.

"Nae, nae, David!" she cried hastily, "not that; she just dropped it in passing; see, it was the ither side o' the path among this bit heather. Sit down, David, ye're fair tired out; just rest a wee while, and think afterwards."

She spoke, scarcely knowing what she said, driven by the misery, the fear, and despair in his eyes. He sat down heavily, and buried his face in his hands, the bit of blue, dragged silk he held waving limply in the fresh early breeze, the lantern overturned at his feet.

Janet walked away along the path, peering among the bracken and stunted heather fringing the bog, for signs of she knew not what, her plaid held tightly round her. She came back presently to David and sat down on the low bank beside him without speaking; something in his attitude prevented speech. Mechanically she stooped and righted the overturned lantern.

David was passing through an experience the remembrance of which touched his whole later life, but he was conscious only of Silvia. Silvia pictured vividly in his imagination in her white ball-dress, lovely, radiant, full of life—and Silvia lying somewhere beneath that hideous greenness, with the black ooze matting her fair hair, and weighing on her closed white lids—closed forever. And he felt he was her murderer.

"We are no sure, David," said Janet, gently touching his arm. "Dinna mek' up your mind that Siller has fallen into Kindrach bog." She clothed his dreadful fear in words, thinking it best to face the matter quietly.

"She is there," he said doggedly, without looking up. "God has punished mah in this way."

After a short silence he added, looking up drearily, "Janet, mah woman, ye dinna ken what a load ah've been laboring under these weeks past—a load of sin! I chose deliberately to satisfy the guilty desires o'

mah earthly nature—I a minister of God! and this is mah punishment; it's maist mair than ah can bear," he groaned.

Janet began to speak, but he interrupted her sadly.

"Nae, nae, ye dinna ken, ye dinna ken, mah woman; but ah'll tell ye all—and judge then if mah sin has no been great and grievous." With great force and emphasis, his face working painfully as he revealed each episode marking his downward career, he related clearly, not only the events of the past weeks, but their influence on his mind, and the manner in which he had deliberately succumbed to those influences. He left out no jot or tittle, but revealed the whole unsparingly: the shock to his pride; his bitterness towards the Porters for their insensibility to his greatness; his jealousy of John White; the dislike and disgust Silvia had aroused in him; the primary reasons of malice and revenge which made him force Silvia's return to Kindrach; his culpable deceit towards Mrs. Dewar, so as to insure her help in carrying out that revenge adequately—all was laid bare. He even went so far back as his first lover-like advances in Silvia's direction, and acknowledged that it was more the feeling of the Dewars' importance in the village, and Silvia's unrivalled prettiness, which prompted his proposals—more pride and vainglory, in fact, than love.

For a moment Janet shrank before the revelation. Shrank from the sin of it all. To her simple, clear, unswerving conception of morality, which defined right and wrong with broad white and black lines, without any intermediate shadings, it was sin. In her mind there was no blurring or indistinctness of outline, no shades and grades of feeling; it was sin—but oh! how her heart ached for the sinner! And that it should be David! David, the embodiment to her of strength, and wisdom, and spiritual power! Long after that day Janet remembered the sense of bewildered upheaval her soul sustained at David's confession; but for David, even amidst all this shock and bewilderment, she had nothing but words of tenderest pity, and gentle counsel offered with so much delicacy and hesitancy that a melancholy satisfaction and sense of tempered relief slowly took the place of his just bitterness.

For long they sat, with Kindrach bog spreading its smiling greenness at their feet; but David remarking suddenly the weariness and pallor in Janet's face, with a touch of his old peremptoriness drew

her plaid about her, and taking her by the arm walked her back to the manse.

The little clue the sodden bit of blue silk gave must be followed up later, but for the immediate present both he and Janet needed rest sorely. For two nights and a day they had been living in a state of mental and physical strain; nothing could be done further until the balance was restored somewhat.

At the gate of the manse the whole of Kindrach seemed to have gathered — an excited, gesticulating crowd. Aunt Muir, sobbing wildly — for she had found the post of comforter-in-chief to poor fractious Mrs. Dewar no sinecure, and now relief had come she had given way — thrust a bit of pale pink paper into David's face.

"She is up in the town yonder, the wicked hussey! The Lord be thankit! she's safe, bless her, dear lamb!" she ejaculated incoherently.

Mrs. Dewar was receiving with much dignity the congratulations of the baker, one of David's elders, while Lesbia and Kate flung themselves on Janet.

"She ran away!" exclaimed Kate; "mother wouldn't let her go to Aunt Porter's, so she just ran away." There was a tone of subdued admiration in her voice.

The telegram from Mrs. Porter which David held announced the safe arrival of the runaway. Janet, comprehending the relief, the complete relaxation of his tense feeling, to the amazement of them all, fell to weeping almost as wildly as her mother, until David put one of his great hands on her shoulder gently. He alone understood the nature of her sudden weakness.

"Dinna, Janet," he said in a low tone, "dinna greet, mah woman, ah'm no worth it."

It has been observed that when every one can see how a story will end, that story is virtually ended. The minister of Kindrach, however, does not yet see the conclusion of his late experience; but all Kindrach is elbowing, and nudging, and winking, and nodding, with portentous knowingness.

A few Sundays after Silvia's audacious feat — which, in some inscrutable fashion, added yet another reason for the elevation of the Dewars in public opinion — he preached a sermon which roused his congregation to much animated, controversial discussion, and relighted the well-nigh extinguished flames of veneration and admiration in the breasts of his four elders. His text being: —

"Avenge not yourselves, but rather give

place unto wrath: for it is written, vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

Aunt Muir's curiosity is still hungering for satisfaction; she has not yet learnt all the details of that fatal visit to London, though she shrewdly guesses that Janet knows all the circumstances. And she endeavors to corner her daughter into admissions by simple adroitness.

"Eh, but the Lord's ways are past findin' out," she observed with a sigh, and a sharp look in Janet's direction.

"I've thought whiles that he has just been dealin' wi' David in his own way wi' regard to Siller and all this unhappy business, showin' him in his mercy that he is no, so to speak, infallible. David is whiles apt to consider he canna mek' mistakes like ither ordinary folk." But Janet baffled her mother's curious researches by quietly declining to enter into any discussions respecting David's infallibility, or the inscrutable workings of the divine will.

From The Nineteenth Century.
THE CITY OF LHASA.

It seems strange that at this advanced period in the world's history there should still remain any city of importance which has never yet been visited by any European now living. Nevertheless the huge city of Lhasá, the capital of Tibet, the Rome of the vast family of northern Buddhists, occupies at the present day that unique position. Three only, or, at the most, four, natives of Europe during the past hundred years have managed to reach the confines of the mysterious metropolis. It is already forty-five years since the two last of these adventurous heroes, the French missionaries Huc and Gabet, made their residence of six weeks, and were then expelled from the grand lama's stronghold. Twenty-five years have elapsed since the Abbé Huc, the survivor, died, after giving to the world his charming series of volumes concerning Tibet, Mongolia, and China. In the mean time many Indian sportsmen have boasted in recent years of having "entered Tibet;" but on cross-examination it is always made evident that they have not penetrated at the furthest a dozen miles beyond the actual frontier-line of Tibet proper, even at the Ladak side of the country. As to reaching Lhasá itself, neither Englishman, Frenchman, nor Russian has in our

own time advanced to within two hundred miles of that coveted goal. Alas! that the dauntless traveller Pryevalski should have been cut off, the dream of his life unrealized. However, although no European now existent has ever been even near to the forbidden city, yet it is equally strange that the topography, defences, and general features of Lhasá, as she stands at the present day, are tolerably familiar to several English officials in India. The very names of the streets are recorded; whilst two independently drawn plans of the city are now in the hands of the government; or *were* in its hands, for it is whispered that one — the most correct — has been lost!

We have been enabled to procure by degrees this recent and accurate account of the greater portion of Tibet by a somewhat ingenious machinery. At Darjiling there has been established an institution known as the Bhutia School, where certain lads of the Sikkim clan of Tibetans are clothed and educated at the government expense. English is taught them by a Bengali master, and Tibetan by a resident lama. From these a few of the more promising are drafted elsewhere, to be trained in surveying and the use of observing instruments; and ultimately, if they seem discreet and of the proper metal, they are despatched as secret explorers beyond the Himalayas. It is from the private reports and observations of these trained emissaries that at length a fair half of the inhabited parts of Tibet has been described and mapped out with some degree of minuteness. The explorers, from their thorough knowledge of the language and manners of the people, usually succeed in deceiving the Tibetan guards stationed at every accessible pass along the frontier line. As the authorities have long ago become aware of our tactics, when within the forbidden land, the utmost guile is still essential. But our agents are true masters of craft. Observing instruments and diaries can be hidden in the cylinders of their prayer-wheels, and detection is rarely their lot. Thus, A. K. resided for a whole year in Lhasá; and by the help of his Buddhist rosary measured nearly every street in the place. Again, through the observations of N. S., M. H., and L., the dimensions of lakes, heights of mountains, and the latitude and longitude of numerous fortresses and towns, have been accurately determined and recorded.

But the most remarkable exploring adventure of all remains to be mentioned.

This was a secret enterprise under the auspices of the Indian government; but it was the performance, not of one of the trained spies, who are of Tibetan extraction, but of a Bengali, one Sarat Chandra Dás. This gentleman was at one time headmaster of the Darjiling Bhutia school; and there he was seized with a perfect mania for the study of the Tibetan language and literature. His learning and general abilities soon attracted government notice. Though a Bengali by birth and education, he acquired a marvellous acquaintance with colloquial Tibetan, which differs greatly from the literary language. Accordingly he was taken into special government employment; and, although holding, as he still does, the nominal office of inspector of schools, has been constituted ever since a confidential referee in all technical matters relating to Tibet. In the year 1881 Sarat Chandra Dás offered to undertake a secret journey to Lhasá in the disguise of a Tibetan lama. He had already accomplished an expedition of this kind, wherein he had managed to reach Tashi-lhumpo, the second capital of Tibet. Having been furnished by government with money, and with various costly presents to reward any great Tibetan officials who might befriend him, he set out from Darjiling, on our side of the Himalayas, one dark night in November, 1881. He was accompanied by a Sikkim lama of the Red Cap Buddhist school, one Lama U-gyen Gyats'ho, a resident of Darjiling. The pair had to leave Darjiling and traverse even the quasi-friendly state of Sikkim with the utmost secrecy; otherwise information would have reached the Tibetan frontier before them in the magical manner it always does, and the travellers would have been inevitably stopped. They entered Tibet *viâ* Nipal over the dangerous Kanglachhen Pass, seventeen thousand feet high; and, after the most arduous and surprising adventures, and after visiting many places and monasteries hitherto undescribed, Babu Sarat Chandra Dás at length saw before him the glittering domes of the mysterious Lhasá. They resided in Lhasá no longer than two weeks, but he seems to have made good use of that time in visiting everything that was notable, even obtaining an interview with the grand lama. His return journey occupied six months; and he did not reach Darjiling until the 27th of December, 1882. The narrative of his travels is really most fascinating reading. It was written in the outward form of a confidential report to government, but has been only

privately printed and is not allowed to be made public. If published we believe it would prove one of the most delightful books of travel ever written. Its simple narrative style — most creditable to a Bengali — is relieved by the introduction, every few pages, of Tibetan legendary lore of a very interesting kind. The suppression of this narration seems somewhat of an injustice to the worthy babu's reputation.

Notwithstanding governmental secrecy — both that which is necessary, and that which seems unnecessary — it has been the good fortune of the writer of this paper, not only to inspect copies of the native explorers' reports, but also to read the narrative communicated by Chandra Dás. The information thus derived has been further supplemented by interviews with the leading natives who have visited Tibet. With such trustworthy materials in his hands and head, the writer feels himself justified in presenting to the curious a new description of the city of Lhá-sá, its buildings and its inhabitants.

After crossing the magnificent valley of the Yaru Tsang-po, the great west-to-east river which traverses Tibet for a length of five hundred miles, you find yourself again in the meshes of a network of ravines and radiating mountain ranges. But, down into the Tsang-po from the north-east, making for itself a narrow valley amid this rocky region, there runs a lesser stream known as the Kyi Chbu, or River of Happiness, which strikes the main river in longitude $90^{\circ} 42'$. Some forty-five miles up this branch stream, where the narrow valley has widened out into a broad and fertile plain, with the mountains frowning in wondrous embattlements to the north and north-west and north-east of it, has been built the capital of Tibet. Lhá-sá, or in English the Seat of the Gods, is well situated in this verdant, flowery plain. You see its domes, overlaid with gilding, glittering from afar. To the north-west, just outside the city proper, rises the abrupt conical hill known as Potala; and terraced on this hill stand temples and palaces and chhortens in a curious jumble. Turn your eyes eagerly towards those tiers upon tiers of buildings which tower up yon mount; for, encaged within one of them, is most certainly to be found the central object of veneration in the Buddhist world, the dalai lama of Tibet! And look straight ahead of you, as you ride due east along the main road to the sacred city; and, lo! there is seen another lofty mound crowned with domed

palaces. That is Chokpoi Ri, whereon stands the Waidurya Ta-ts'ang (Lapilazuli school), the medical university of Tibet, where three hundred students are being constantly trained for the profession.

But we are still five miles from our goal; and this plain which surrounds Lhá-sá deserves further attention. Its elevation above sea-level is eleven thousand six hundred feet or so; but even that height allows it to be a valley compared with the altitudes we have just been traversing — quite fourteen thousand feet, with here and there a shoulder ascending to over sixteen thousand feet. The plain over which we are riding is a wonderfully fruitful one. It is skirted on the south by the Kyi River, and is watered, moreover, by another smaller stream from the north, the Toi-lung, which flows into the Kyi, just where we are, some five miles west of Lhá-sá. All this land is carefully irrigated by means of dykes and cross-channels from both rivers. Fields of buckwheat, barley, pea, rape, and linseed lie in orderly series everywhere. The meadows near the water display the richest emerald-green pasturage. Groves of poplar and willow, in shapely clumps, combine with the grassy stretches to give in places a park-like appearance to the scene. Several hamlets and villages, such as Cheri, Daru, and Shing Dongkhar, are dotted over these lands. A fertile plain truly for a besieging army!

Presently we come to a region of suburban character. Large and small houses — shall we call them villas? — seated in gardens and flanked by orchards, the homes to which the non-ecclesiastical gentry of Lhá-sá retreat after business hours. Immediately outside the city are several groves and parks. A large and beautiful park, the Norpu Linga (Grove of Precious Gems), abuts at the south-west quarter. The river flows due east and west near the city, keeping an average distance of a mile from its southern boundary. Here lies a marshy flat of sandbanks and dykes, over which the Kyi is constantly encroaching; and canals and embankments have been made to save Lhá-sá from submersion.

And now you are about to enter the magic city herself. She is famous for her gilded domes and gold-plated spires; and as you approach the gates, the morning sun flashes in quite a splendid manner from the burnished ganjiras of the Ramochhe and Cho-khang temples, and is glinted back, as from a hundred helio

graphs, from the golden domes high up on the Potala hill to your left. You enter Lhasá from the west by the Pargo Kaling gate. You find yourself at once in a broad roadway, with trees planted boulevard-wise on either side, green in foliage in spite of their decrepit trunks. The houses which line the road are lofty and white-washed, roofed in a very pretty fashion with Chinese tiles, glazed and blue. Every house has long, narrow, perpendicular windows, the window-ledges fringed below with colored strips of cloth; and every house has a turret; and from turret to turret across the road are stretched ropes strung with bits of painted cloth in true Buddhist fashion. This first portion of the town is called Bana Shol, and is not considered to be Lhasá proper, but the lay town or suddar bazaar of the schools and monastery buildings in Potala. But here you approach the inner gate of the city—the entrance, as it were, to the Kremlin of Lhasá. You cross a little stone bridge known as the Yu-t'ok Sampa (or Upper Turquoise Bridge), and stand beneath a massive gateway. Now indeed you will have small chance of escaping detection if you are at all a suspicious-looking character. Guards are stationed at this gate to interrogate all new-comers or unknown persons. Once over the bridge and through the archway, the glazed-roofed houses and trees disappear. You are in a street of shops; many of which, it is apparent, are kept by Chinamen. This is a pastrycook's. It is a much more inviting establishment than an Indian confectioner's would be. Very low, cushioned seats, six inches or so in height, are ranged round a room within; and here the Chinaman's Tibetan wife will place a ridiculous little doll's table beside you. On this she sets a cup and a *shaluk*, or soap-basin. She next brings a *chambin*, or teapot, and thence pours forth a steaming jorum of Tibetan tea—a mess of tea and butter and salt, all churned up together into a seething and not unpleasant decoction. With the tea—or *sol-chá*, as the woman terms it, using the respectful designation for the beverage—you may have sweet twisted biscuits, made of sugar and egg; or a bowl of barley-meal to make into huge, soft dough-balls in your tea. Other dainties are *bre-sil*, or hot buttered boiled rice, served with sugar and dried apricots; *mok-mo*, or balls of finely chopped meat cooked in a thin crust of pastry; *gyá-fuk*, or Chinese broth, which is made from a sort of portable soup-compound of egg and flour and

minced mutton, and can be bought in solid form and carried about with you; and *p'ing-shá* or meat curry. If you wish for comestibles less *recherché* you can go into the neighboring *sá-khang* or Tibetan restaurant and have the more vulgar *p'ák-fuk* or barley-gruel, yak-beef, dried or fresh, boiled mutton, minced radishes, and dried mutton with barley-flour dumplings. Thick dried curds, or *sol-sho*, are always to be had here. Most customers, it should be remarked, produce from among the filthy rags within the bosom of their cloaks their own *p'orpa*, or basin-cups, and will take tea, soup, minced radishes, and gruel successively from it without any cleansing of the vessel in between. Yak-beef is the favorite meat, for Tibetans have no Hindu prejudices. The prices at the *sá-khang* are low: a *khd* (1½*d.*) or at most a *karma* (2½*d.*); while two *tanka* (1*s.* 3*d.*) will feed a large party sumptuously.

Other shops in the street are carpet and rug stores, cup and bowl stores, tea-brick sellers, silversmiths, second-hand clothes dealers' emporiums—the latter most evil-smelling dens. In front of every shop stands a pedestal of dried clay, shaped at the top into a bulbous, tapering structure, like a miniature Burmese pagoda. In the hollow top incense is burned to propitiate the many terrific deities in the Tibetan Buddhist calendar. Many of the shops in Lhasá are kept by Nepalese merchants, who are all good Buddhists; but their premises will not be found in this first street, the Nepalese shops standing in fine array in the Tomse Gang, the great open space in front of the Chokhang, or principal temple in Lhasá, which lies at the eastern end of the street we are traversing. The Kashmiri tradesmen are Mussulmans, and are tolerated in this stronghold of Buddhism for their mercantile talents. These latter are styled contemptuously La-lo, and are suffered to have a mosque, known as the Khá-chhe Lha-khang (Kashmir god-house), outside the city.

But it is high time to notice the living beings in these thoroughfares. *Gendun-pa*, or clergy, of every degree swarm in greater plenty even than do ecclesiastics in Malta. Here are *ge-nyen* and lamas and *déwas* (theological students), and now and then a great *khempo*, or incarnate abbot. Riding on sorry ponies along the lanes and streets are continually to be met fresh arrivals from every district in Tibet. These are orthodox lamas from Tashilhumpo, draped in ample yellow robes, and each wearing a coarse piece of red silk on the crown of the head. Those others are

Ladáki travellers just arrived from Lé, six hundred miles away; they are clad in rough and dirty sheepskins. Now comes a Palpo merchant from Kho-bom, the capital of Nipal; he on a pony, and his servants stalking ahead of him, the first of them carrying over his shoulder a long lance, from which flutters a red streamer. These wild-looking, tall men, with unkempt locks, are pilgrims from Kham on the Chinese border. They are born highwaymen and robbers, but are Buddhists of the fiercest sincerity, and are noted for their savage fidelity if you happen to lay them under a personal obligation. Heavy, big-faced Mongol Tartars are also to be seen, but they usually arrive at a particular season of the year in one large body by caravans from Urga, Sachu, and Kokonur. New-comers are remarked upon in the most free-and-easy manner by the loungers in the streets; and, whenever the opportunity of a pause in their progress occurs, are generally accosted and cross-examined by the curious. Each nationality has its own common lodging-house, often large, rambling buildings in filthy by-lanes. The more important visitors are housed in the monasteries or in the town mansions of the nobility. What we wish to lay stress on is this incessant influx and departure of visitors in the sacred city. The traversers of the streets on ordinary days are mainly of this class, more especially when some important festival or grand function is approaching.

A point to be noticed here is the freedom with which women of all grades go about from place to place; in the shops, in the streets, in the vaulted entries which give access to every dwelling-house. The Tibetan female is an independent and buxom dame, very unlike her Hindu sister across the border. Her frame is well-knit and sturdy; she can carry any weight you like on her back. Moreover, there is a jollity about her smile and general deportment which would be very engaging if she made herself a little better acquainted with the washbowl. Though she rarely uses water for ablutionary purposes, the black stains which cover the Tibetan woman's face are not due to dirt. It is a custom, said to be founded on a strict law enacted two hundred years ago, for all the adult females to stain their faces with blotches of a black dye styled *tui-ja*. This disfigurement, which originally was ordered for the purpose of subduing the natural attractiveness of the female face to the other sex, forms almost a complete disguise to the countenance. In reality a

Tibetan girl's face is most comely and pretty. Before the blackening process, her cheeks are as picturesquely ruddy as any Scotch lassie's; and, as the pigment wears off, the ripe wall-fruit glow which the keen mountain air insists on producing is continually to be seen overcoming the sooty patches. Higher-class Tibetan women frequently traverse the streets of Lhasá on small white horses, seated astride the animal's back. They generally have intellectual faces, and are often in truth highly educated and learned. Every better-class female in the streets of Lhasá wears a headdress called *pá-tuk*, not unlike an old-fashioned English travelling-cap with long, turned-down ear-flaps. This is often studded with turquoise and pieces of coral; sometimes, in the case of the wife of a State councillor (*kálon*), with emeralds, rubies, and pearls. Its use is very ancient. Another characteristic part of the women's dress is the bib or breast-cover, styled *pangden*.

However, it is as the head centre of northern Buddhism — as the Rome of the Buddhists of China, Mongolia, and Siberia — that this wondrous city of Lhasá ought chiefly to be viewed. The whole place, at least ostensibly, is given up wholly to religion and to nothing else. Not within the city walls but outside it, flanking and supporting it, as it were with moral buttresses, stand the great props and foundations of its religious life. The mighty monasteries,* all of historic lineage, where the majority of lamas are trained, have been erected a few miles distant from this centre. Approaching Lhasá from the west, five miles from the city gate, we passed within a mile of the famous Dairung monastery, which stands upon a commanding hill. It is one of the three great Gelukpa foundations containing four richly endowed schools (*ta-ts'ang*) for the study of philosophical Buddhism, and giving shelter and training to seven thousand monks and students at once. Two miles to the north of Lhasá is Sera monastery started to harbor five thousand gendunpa. Again, some twenty-five miles north-east of the city, built on the Wangkhor hill, is the renowned Galdan Lamasary founded by Tsong-khapa himself, the abbot of which ranks ecclesiastically next after the grand or dalai lama. The number of inmates here is thirty-two hundred. The heads of

* As a specimen of the inaccuracy of published information concerning Tibet, we read in a recent edition of the "Popular Encyclopedia;" "At Lhasá alone are three thousand monasteries!" The real number in this city and its suburbs is sixteen.

these monasteries are all *khempos*, and are held to have within their bodies the transmigrated spirits of various historic personages, who were themselves each the incarnation of some deity or Bodhi-sattva. The Dai-pung monks are notorious for getting up frays and orgies in the city, and murders are continually being laid to their charge; on the other hand, many are well-read Sanskrit scholars, deeply versed in Tantrik lore. But the pivot round which the whole system of Tibetan Buddhism revolves, resides not in the huge lamaseries, but beneath those gilded domes upon the Potala hill, just immediately without the sacred city. We refer to

THE GRAND LAMA OF LHASA.

EVERY Tibetan or Mongolian with any ambition in his soul lives in hope of being one day permitted to see the *kyap-gon*,* the ocean of wisdom, the vice-regent of Buddha upon earth, the incarnation of the blessed eleven-faced Chenráisi, known to Mongols and Chinese as the dalai lama, and to Englishmen as the grand lama of Lhasá. This unutterable being is nominally temporal monarch of all Tibet and spiritual monarch of all Buddhahood; above the panchhen lama of Tashilhumpo and above the khutuktu of Urga. The special protector of Tibet in the Buddhist heavens is held to be the dhyani bodhi-sattwa chenraisi. He is not considered to have attained unto full Buddhahood, but has voluntarily permitted himself to continue in successive incarnations upon earth in order to extend the blessings of Nirvana to all mortal beings. He is held to be incarnate in the successive dalai lamas of Lhasá. Whenever a dalai lama dies (not that his *death* is ever admitted as a possibility in Buddhist circles) the *karma* or psychic essence of the blessed Chenraisi will reappear within a year in some unknown infant whose identity is discovered by certain prescribed magical methods. Until each new dalai lama reaches the age of eighteen, his temporal authority is wielded by the *desi* or regent of Tibet. By a singular monotony of events—or shall we say plainly by the rascality of the regent—during the past sixty years not one of these poor youths, clothed in this mockery of power and holiness, has been suffered to survive his eighteenth birthday! Thus the kingship of the dalai lama has become in recent

years nothing but a name; the sceptre being continuously wielded by his villainous guardian who (under Chinese pressure) scruples not to poison the rightful occupant of the throne. The name of the present grand lama of Lhasá is Ngag Dbang Blo Bzang Thub-ldan Rgyamtsho (pronounced "Ngak Wang Lobsang T'up-den Gya-ts'o"), and he was "discovered" in the year 1875, being then one year old. His age now (1889) is therefore fifteen years; and if the present regent is as big a rascal as his two predecessors, the time of the poor youth's continuance in deified splendor upon earth is now drawing very short. He who went immediately before him, the grand lama P'rin Las Rgya-mtsho, who died at the age of eighteen in the year 1874, lies beneath a vast tomb plated with thin sheets of gold on the Potala hill. Sarat Chandras Dás was allowed to see the youth who still so pathetically sits as joint god and king of many million human beings. He says:—

We were seated on rugs spread in about eight rows, my seat being in the third row, at a distance of about ten feet from the Grand Lama's throne, and a little to his left. There was perfect silence in the grand hall. The state officials walked from left to right with serene gravity, as becoming their exalted rank in the presence of the Supreme Vice-regent of Buddha on earth. The carrier of the incense-bowl (suspended by three golden chains), the Head Steward who carried the royal golden teapot, and other domestic officials then came into his holiness's presence, standing there motionless as pictures, fixing their eyes, as it were, on the tips of their respective noses. The great altar, resembling an oriental throne pillared on lions of carved wood, was covered with costly silk scarves; and on this his holiness, a child of eight, was seated. A yellow mitre covered the child's head, his person was robed in a yellow mantle; and he sat cross-legged, with the palms of his hands joined together to bless us. In my turn I received his holiness's benediction and surveyed his divine face. I wanted to linger a few seconds in the sacred presence, but was not allowed to do so, others displacing me by pushing me gently. The princely child possessed a really bright and fair complexion, with rosy cheeks. His eyes were large and penetrating. The cut of his face was remarkably Aryan, though somewhat marred by the obliquity of his eyes. The thinness of his person was probably owing to the fatigues of the ceremonies of the court, of his religious duties, and of ascetic observances to which he had been subjected since taking the vows of monkhood. . . . When all were seated after receiving benediction, the Head Steward poured tea into his holiness's golden cup from the golden teapot. Four assistant servers poured tea into the

* Kyap-gon, or "the protector," is the familiar title given by the populace to the grand lama, but his official Tibetan name is Gya-ta'o Rimpo-chhe.

cups of the audience. Before the Grand Lama lifted his cup to his lips a grace was solemnly chanted. Without even stirring the air by the movements of our limbs or our clothes, we slowly lifted our cups to our lips and drank the tea, which was of delicious flavor. Thereafter the Head Butler placed a golden dish full of rice in front of his holiness, which he only touched; and its contents were then distributed. I obtained a handful of this consecrated rice, which I carefully tied in one corner of my handkerchief. After grace had been said, the holy child, in a low, indistinct voice, chanted a hymn, which I understood to be a blessing for the translation of the soul of the late head of the Meru monastery, in whose honor we were assembled, to the mansion of Devachen. Then a venerable gentleman rose from the middle of the first row of seats, and addressing the Grand Lama as the Lord Chenráisi Incarnate, recited the many deeds of mercy which that patron saint of Tibet had vouchsafed towards its benighted people. At the conclusion he thrice prostrated himself before his holiness, when a solemn pause followed; after which the audience rose, and the Grand Lama retired.

The buildings on Potala are most extensive, and form a perfect labyrinth, piled, in the most extraordinary grouping, up the steep face of the hill. The entire hill, in fact, is covered with towering palaces, and halls, and temple-like structures surmounted by domes and spires; leading by passages and by ladders the one into the other. A large cloistered building at the base of the ascent is the Namgyal Tats'ang, which is the monastery to which the grand lama is especially accredited in his character of monk. At the eastern gateway of Potala is a long hall into which one can ride, ending with flights of long steps, up which you also ride until you reach a landing where stands a monolith known as the Doring Nangma. From thence you ascend by means of long wooden ladders; when you gain the ground floor of the famous Red Palace, a structure which rises to an elevation of nine stories above the height you have already reached. The tombs of the grand lamas, the Dodpal mint, and the Tse Lobta, a superior school for lads destined to the monastic life, are among the erections on the hill. The grand lama, it should be understood, does not always reside on Potala. He sometimes retires for change to the Norpu Linga park, on the south-western skirts of Lhasá. Here there is a palace for his accommodation.

THE RAMO CHHE TEMPLE.

A ROAD known as the Lingkhör Road circles completely round Lhasá. Every

pilgrim to the city on arrival should, as a religious duty, circumambulate the whole place by means of this road, carefully keeping his right side turned towards the centre of the city. Potala hill faces the Lingkhör Road; and proceeding eastward from the sacred gates, in a little over a mile, you come to the gateway of the venerable shrine known as Ramo Chhe. It was built more than twelve hundred years ago, by the Chinese wife of King Srongtsan Gampo; and a crystal palace of Lu, or serpent-gods, is believed by the vulgar to exist beneath its foundations, and the temple was erected to counteract their evil influence. A very ancient image of Dolma, carved in turquoise, and another of a former Buddha Mikyo Dorje, are the principal objects of veneration here, in addition to the tombs of the famous king and his Chinese wife, who are alleged to have been buried in this shrine. Several extraordinary effigies in precious materials of *khadoma*, or witches, often referred to by the poet Milaráipa, are noticeable. The temple is three stories high, and bears an ancient Chinese inscription on the façade.

THE CHO-KHANG.

THIS temple is, as it were, the cathedral of Lhasá. Its fame has spread everywhere throughout central Asia, and it is the first point to which the new-comer hurries. It is situated in the very centre of the city, in the great square at the head of the main thoroughfare from Yu-t'ok Sampa. Circumambulation of shrines, propitiating malignant deities, and revolving the *khörlo*, or prayer-wheel in which the invocations to Chenráisi are enclosed,* comprise nearly all the duties charged on the ordinary non-philosophical Buddhist. To these may be added the visiting of holy places on great festival-days to make salutation to the various deities set up therein. This ceremony is styled *chhoi-jal*; and the person who performs it goes to the shrine armed with a bundle of incense-sticks and a pot of butter, with perhaps some presentation scarves. He shows his respect for the different sacred beings represented by depositing lumps of his butter in the lamp-bowl of liquid grease which stands with floating wick burning in front of each; whilst the scarves are presented to the deities just as they would be in Tibet on a visit of ceremony to honored friends.

* The prayer-wheel contains the sentence *Om mani padme hum* repeated several hundred times. This is an invocation not to Buddha but Chenráisi.

The Cho-khang is a favorite resort for making chhoijal; for no such marvellous collection of deities, unique effigies, and holy relics exists anywhere else save there in this ganglion of halls and chapels. You enter the buildings through a mean-looking colonnade, and find yourself immediately in the presence of the chief attraction of the place—a life-size figure of Buddha, profusely gilded with thick gold, and jewelled with costly gems. It is very ancient and held to be unique, in that it represents the Buddha as he appeared when only twelve years old. Everybody makes the profoundest prostrations to this image, and it is spoken of as Cho-wo Rimpo-chhe, "the most precious master" and the "Lord Buddha," as if it were a still living being present in the flesh. A marvellous image of the eleven-faced Chenráisi, in one of the side-chapels, is the next most important effigy. And then comes a life-sized statue of the reformer Tsong-khapa set up in a chamber with iron gratings to prevent you from entering. Other curiosities are the stone slab on which King Srong-tsan Gampo and his two chief wives used to sit and bathe; some frescoes on the wall alleged to have been painted with the blood which oozed from that same king's nose; images of the seven past Buddhas; and a strange lump of rock which is believed to prevent the Kyi River from washing away Lhasá. But, in addition, the various chapels are filled with innumerable figures of Buddhas, gods, goddesses, and saints; some are in solid silver, others of bronze, others of sandal-wood. Paldan Lha-mo (a goddess) is represented by one of the most grotesquely terrific figures imaginable, with a face so horrible that it is always kept veiled. The king of the serpent-gods and Tamdin are also savage-looking ogres. One peculiarity of this vast labyrinth of shrines is the herds of mice to be seen running about everywhere, even when the place is thronged by hundreds of people tramping in solemn circumambulation round each important effigy. These mice are said to hold the transmigrated souls of deceased lamas, and are never molested.

In the great courtyard of this temple are ranged some curious statues of men famous in the history of Tibet, who are considered still capable of affording help and protection when invoked. One of these statues represents Tang-tong Gyal-po, celebrated for having (*circa* 1420, A.D.) built eight chain bridges over the Yaru Tsang-po, which still survive. Of

this public-spirited character, the *ku-nyer*, or image-keeper of the Cho-khang, relates a quaint story. Tang-tong, it seems, feared the miseries of this world very much, having inhabited it in former existences. Accordingly he managed to remain this time, before birth, sixty years in his mother's womb. There he sat in profound meditation, concentrating his mind most earnestly on the well-being of all living creatures. At the end of sixty years he began to realize that, while meditating for the good of others, he was neglecting the rather prolonged sufferings of his mother. He forthwith quitted the womb, and came into the world already provided with grey hair. Just after birth he made the profoundest salutations to his mother, whom he thus addressed: "Mother, pardon me for all your sad hours; but I was exceedingly comfortable during my long stay within you." After adding that there exist no such comfortable quarters for residence in this world as those he had just quitted, he sat down cross-legged, absorbed in meditation. People were at once struck with the beauty of his skin, like that of an infant, in spite of his grey hairs, and with the fragrance he exuded, which was that of the lotus. He remained thus seven days, during which time his body grew to the stature of a youth. Still sitting cross-legged another week, he attained the size of a man. He then at length got up, put clothes on, and began to lecture on the sacred literature of the Buddhists.

OTHER ECCLESIASTICAL INSTITUTIONS

in Lhasá are the four great monastic establishments known as the Four Lings. These monasteries might be termed "peculiar," having exempt jurisdiction and other privileges, whilst their revenues are princely. The Four Lings of Lhasá are Tan-gyai-ling, Kün-du-ling, Ts'e-chhok-ling, and Ts'omoi-ling; and the mighty desi, or regent of Lhasá, is always chosen from the heads of these establishments, subject, however, to the approval of the emperor of China. The present regent of Tibet is the abbot of Kün-du-ling, Lama Ta Ts'ak Rimpoche.* The Meru Tá Chhoi-dé is also an important monastery in the city.

* Since Huc made use of the term, all books on Tibet style the regent the "nomekhan of Tibet." The explanation of Huc's mistaken use of the term is, that when he visited Lhasá the regent happened to be the Abbot of Ts'omoi-ling, whose sacred cognomen is nomekhan, and hence he and others have supposed it to be the regent's usual title always. The regent's real title is the desi or sakyong.

PRIVY COUNCIL AND GOVERNMENT.

LHASA is possessed of a palace of justice and government council chamber, as august as in any other capital city. However, the same personages sit as privy councillors and as supreme judges; and in the same building, the Ká-shák. Moreover, when we examine who the councillors are, we shall find that the government is not so exclusively clerical as is generally supposed.

The council of the grand lama and supreme government is termed the Ká-shák Lhen-gyai, and consists of the regent and five members, and *four* of these members (called *ká-lön*) *must be laymen*. These laymen are usually chosen from among the higher military officers of Tibet. Their functions are executive and judicial. The representatives of the emperor of China, the two ampons, have nominally no voice in the council, but influence its proceedings by pressure upon the regent.

Popularly a member of council is known as a *shá-pé*, and this is the title which used to puzzle people in the newspaper reports of our operations against the Tibetans. It means the "lotus-footed" (*zhabs pad*), and is sometimes given to other high lay officials besides the *ká-löns*. Any one of respectability appears to be allowed admission to the council hall to watch the deliberations of the members. There they sit, cross legged on sofas, clad in long, rich, yellow silk robes and crowned with tall Mongol hats, with a large coral button in

front. The inevitable teacup is beside each, and every now and then is solemnly replenished by a stately attendant. In other rooms the *dung-khor-pa*, or clerks, are at work. They are the civil servants of Tibet, and they, too, are imbibing tea in the same official manner. Again you may enter the offices of the Tibetan chancellor of the exchequer, the *chhak-so chhempo*. There are other clerks registering the receipts derivable from the land-tax, the traders' tax, the pig-tax, and other sources of revenue; and as so much of it is paid in kind, chiefly in butter, tea, and sheep, these accounts must be somewhat intricate.

We come forth from the Ká-shák, and are no sooner without than we are greeted with a shout. We hurry along, but find we are being pursued. A dozen men, with filthy hair and foul, ragged garments, rush up, headed by a tall, scarlet-clad ruffian in a yellow turban. We soon know that they are clamoring for alms, and we had better comply. For these fellows are the dreaded *ro-gya-wa*, the scavengers and corpse-finders of Lhasá, the pests of the newly arrived. They have special charge of the Lhasá cemeteries, and live in filthy huts built entirely of the horns of slaughtered yaks and sheep. To these ghouls the bodies of the lower-class dead are delivered up. They carry them, with horrid cries, to the corpse-yards outside the city, where dogs and vultures are in waiting to rend and devour. The *ro-gya-wa* bury the bones.

GRAHAM SANDBERG.

SALTNESS OF THE SEA. — The density of sea water — "its specific gravity," to use the language of the chemist — depends on three things: the amount of salts it holds in solution, the temperature, and the pressure. The two former, and particularly the first-named, are the most important factors in the question, and as there is a wide difference in these respects in the seas of different parts of the world, so we find that the sea water shares in these differences. Salt varies in amount, as the Drache observations prove, at different depths; the surface water in the North Sea showing, as might have been expected, the least amount; while in parts of the Tropics and elsewhere, exposed to drying winds, great heat, but little rainfall, the greatest amount of salinity is found on the surface. Yet even in the limited area of the North Sea, the surface salinity varies considerably, patches of salt above the average being found where the expanse is not affected by the fresh water pouring seaward from the rivers bordering it,

and other causes. Similar inequalities are found in every ocean. Enclosed seas, like the Baltic and Black, and Hudson's Bay, owing to the large number of rivers flowing into them, and to the rain and melting ice and snow, are brackish. Now if these seas were stagnant, they would in time become almost fresh. But the fresh surface water flowing out in a steady current, while the salt water pours in with equal persistence as an under current, the average salinity is maintained with tolerable uniformity, taking the mean of a number of years, though there are periodical fluctuations in this respect. Again, the Mediterranean and the Red Sea are much saltier than the Indian Ocean or the Atlantic, between which they lie. But here, again, the mean salinity is preserved by a current of oceanic water flowing in on the surface, while an under current of salt inland water flows outward, these reciprocal movements preventing the stagnation which must otherwise ensue.


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